The Nation

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Summary of the News

There is no indication as to when the German reply to the American note may be expected, nor any definite evidence on which to base a presumption of its tenor. Opinion in Germany is apparently divided on the question—in what proportion it is impossible to say. Count von Reventlow (whose paper, the *Tageszeitung,* it may be auspicious to observe, was suppressed on Monday on account of an article dealing with the American note), is representative of those who, to borrow a title coined by the hated British in their domestic dispute over the House of Lords, may be described as the "die-hards," and Eugen Zimmerman, editor of the *Lokal Anzeiger,* speaks for the more moderate party. These urge that a *via media* may be found, even if that should involve the abandonment of some of the present methods of submarine warfare. Meanwhile, Dr. Anton Meyer-Gerhard, Count von Bernstorff's special emissary, has arrived at Berlin, and has been in consultation with the Foreign Office.

A statement of the German Admiralty, issued on June 18, in regard to the loss of the submarine U-29, is generally regarded as not without its bearing on the question of the German attitude towards the American note. The U-29, which was commanded by the famous Capt. Otto von Weddigen, was reported sunk by the British Admiralty towards the end of March, and the German official statement now professes to confirm conjectures made by the German press at the time, that the vessel was destroyed by a British merchant steamer flying a neutral flag after she had been ordered by the submarine to stop. Hence, the argument goes, in view of British perfidy, it is impossible for submarines to give warning before launching their torpedoes. The British Admiralty on June 19 issued the statement that "the German submarine U-29 was sunk by one of his Majesty's ships." Apart from this, the question is asked, how, since the entire crew of the U-29 perished, the German Admiralty has discovered authoritative evidence on which to base its statement. It is also worth noting in this connection that the first British vessel destroyed after the declaration of the submarine "blockade" on February 18, the Cambank, was torpedoed without warning and that lives were lost.

Extraordinary stories have appeared during the past few days in the Providence *Journal,* the New York *Tribune,* and the New York *Sun,* concerning Dr. Anton Meyer-Gerhard and various other real or spurious "Dr. Meyers," and their alleged connection with attempts to purchase the 355,000 Krag-Jorgensen rifles condemned by the United States Government, but refused for sale to any of the belligerent Powers. We cannot attempt to summarize any of these reports, but mention them in order to note that there does not appear to be the slightest evidence for doubting the absolute *bona fides* of Dr. Anton Meyer-Gerhard or of the German Ambassador in sending him on his mission to Berlin.

Dispatches from Washington report that, according to an official statement at the Department of State on Monday, the use of the American flag by British merchantmen passing through the war zone will be an important topic in the note which, it is expected, will shortly be sent to London.

Of Mr. Bryan's more recent activities as a private citizen it is sufficient to mention that he has issued a general statement of his views concerning the war, which appeared in three parts, in the morning papers of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of last week.

We deal in our editorial columns with the important decisions of the Supreme Court handed down on Monday vindicating the right of the negro to exercise the franchise.

The 31,400-ton superdreadnought Arizona was successfully launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on June 19.

The United States Supreme Court on Monday reversed the decision of the Federal District Court in New Jersey, which dismissed the Government's suit under the Sherman Anti-Trust act against the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Coal Company.

The Court of Appeals of New York on June 18 denied the motion for a reargument of the appeal of ex-Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, convicted of the murder of Herman Rosenthal.

The strike in Chicago of men employed on the elevated and surface cars was brought to an end on June 16, when, through the efforts of the Mayor, an agreement was reached to submit all the matters in dispute to a board of arbitration consisting of three members, one chosen by the men, one by the companies, and one by the general public.

The death sentence on Leo M. Frank, who was convicted of the murder of Mary Phagan in April, 1913, was commuted to life imprisonment by the Governor of Georgia on Monday. News of the commutation resulted in a recrudescence of the mob spirit which disgraced the original trial, and the Governor found it necessary to declare martial law within a radius of half a mile from his country house and to call on the militia for protection.

The complexity of the situation in Mexico seems to have been increased by a break between Carranza and some of his Cabinet, news of which was contained in dispatches from Washington on June 19. On June 16 it was announced that instructions had been sent to Admiral Howard, commander of the Pacific fleet at San Diego, to dispatch three cruisers to the west coast of Mexico, and, if necessary, to land an expeditionary force for the protection of American colonists threatened by the Yaqui uprising in the Yaqui River Valley, near Esperanza, in the southern part of Sonora.

In our editorial columns we discuss the bill which received its first reading in the House of Commons on Monday, empowering the Government to issue a war loan up to the amount of £1,000,000,000. The loan will be put out at par. It will bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent., and will be redeemable at the Government's option between 1925 and 1945.

Mr. Lloyd George, the new Minister of Munitions, is expected this week to introduce a bill in the House of Commons giving the Government power to prohibit strikes or lockouts prejudicial to the national interest in controlled factories, and providing that all questions of wages and conditions of employment shall be settled by a specially appointed tribunal. It was announced in Parliament last week that a bill will also be introduced shortly imposing a special tax on war profits.

Gen. Christian de Wet, one of the leaders of the recent rebellion in South Africa, was on Monday found guilty of high treason on eight grounds. Sentence of imprisonment for six years with a fine of $10,000 was pronounced on him on Tuesday.

German submarines have of late been less energetic, or at any rate less successful, than for some time past. Since writing last week we have to record the sinking of only nine ships, of which three were trawlers, one a Norwegian vessel, and the rest British steamships. Dispatches from Copenhagen, however, of June 18, stated that the German auxiliary cruiser Meteor had been busy in the North Sea, having sunk a Norwegian lumber ship and assisted a submarine in sinking a Swedish steamer. For the sinking of the last-named Germany has expressed her regrets to Sweden. Ambassador Page's full report on the destruction of the American steamship Nebraskan, on May 25, was received by the State Department on June 16. The report, which was accompanied by exhibits, consisting of "fragments of metal," alleged to be portions of the shell of a torpedo, has not, as we write, been made public, and the evidence in it is being carefully investigated. A noteworthy encounter between submarines—the first of its kind—in which an Italian submarine was torpedoed by an Austrian was recorded on June 17.

In retaliation for raids by Zeppelins on undefended places of France and England, a squadron of allied aeroplanes on June 15 undertook a raid on the open German town of Karlsruhe. Several bombs were dropped, a considerable amount of damage appears to have been done, and a number of civilians were killed and injured. The inhabitants appear to have been surprised and panic-stricken by the attack from the air, and the greatest indignation is expressed in Germany at the idea of any one bombarding an open town. Future raids undertaken by German Zeppelins, it is asserted, will be in retaliation for this exploit. As such, then, we must regard the attack by a Zeppelin on the north-east coast of England on June 16, which resulted in the death of sixteen persons and the injury of forty. On June 15 German attempts to bombard London from the air were brought formally to the attention of the United States Government by the British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice.

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The Week

One cause of the prolongation of the war seems entirely to have escaped attention. The world-struggle is furnishing an extraordinary opportunity not only for the makers of rifles and shells, but also for the writers of books and of newspaper and magazine articles; and they are hanging on to the chance like grim death. Look at the table of contents of any of the current English reviews, for example, and you see a multitude of titles like this: "Why Italy Went to War," "The Economic Strain on England and Germany," "European Diplomacy: Bismarck to Sir Edward Grey," etc., etc. Now, if the war were suddenly to come to an end, these gentlemen's occupation would be gone; and so they keep on befogging the issue, and pretending that it is terribly complicated, though there can be no doubt that they are intelligent enough to know that in reality the whole affair is the simplest thing in the world. When an honest man takes hold of it, with no axe to grind, he sets out the case in a few simple, straightforward sentences which everybody can understand:

> When can peace be restored? Any time now, if the participants are really weary of this war and ready for it to end. If any nation is not ready, let its ruler state in clear, distinct, and definite terms the conditions upon which it is willing to agree to peace; then if an agreement is not reached, blame for continuance of the war will be upon those who make unusual demands.

If, now, we could only suppress the "highbrow" scribblers, and give these words of a plain, unpretending ex-Secretary of State a chance to sink into the minds of the Kaiser and the rest of the "rulers," can any one doubt that the world would be at peace within a few weeks?

Prof. Roland G. Usher undertook in the New York *Tribune* on Sunday to give the evidence for the existence of his famous "treaty" of 1897 entered into by the United States, England, and France. That such a thing, in any shape or form, ever was, has been denied by Senator Lodge and others in a position to know, but they were plainly unaware of Professor Usher's "proof." This is, admittedly, of a deductive or remotely inferential nature. First, you are to look at certain events: German ambitions in the Gulf of Mexico and in South America checked; the United States getting a free hand in Porto Rico and with the Canal; England able to prevent it by her sea power, yet acquiescing. Secondly, you draw the unescapable conclusion. Here it is:

> Would this not make necessary an understanding, a discussion by the diplomatists of the two nations of mutual aims and principles? It should be clear from the logic of facts alone that England would not have consented to any such radical change in the situation in the Gulf of Mexico, the Pacific, and the Far East, all of which she had controlled for decades, unless a satisfactory understanding between her and the United States had been reached. This must have taken place just before the planning and consummation of the events which were undertaken in pursuance of it. No one knows when, but I mentioned the summer of 1897 as the tentative date which seemed to fit most of the facts.

The only comment on this we feel like making at present is that it at least explains why Professor Usher's book, "Pan-Germanism," was, according to him, "read in Germany when it appeared, was labelled 'dangerous,' and quietly suppressed." The thing is clear: Germany wanted a monopoly of that kind of reasoning. It would never do to let a mere American professor rival the logic of the lights of German universities.

Signs of really frank discussion in the German press are welcome. The dispatches of the past few days have brought us, what we had not had since the beginning of the war, extracts from German newspapers showing that they now venture to differ with one another, and to discuss the controversy of their Government with the United States with some degree of freedom. This is doubly encouraging. It argues, in the first place, that the authorities have seen fit to relax the press censorship. They are apparently willing to have a moderate and conciliatory policy advocated, probably as a help towards preparing public opinion for some change of that kind in their own course. In addition to this, the return to a larger measure of independent judgment by the press is an indication that the German people themselves are no longer satisfied with the enforced uniformity of view. It has been perfectly natural that such a war as the one in which Germany is engaged should have tended to repress all public indications of dissent. But the doubts and disagreements must have existed all along, and it is well to see them having expression. Count Reventlow, to be sure, declares that editors who question the infallible wisdom of their Government are little better than traitors. They are giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Your criticisms, he angrily asserts, are certain to be quoted abroad as proof that Germany is not really united. But "abroad" is not such a fool as the Count imagines. It has known all the time that there must be Germans who question gravely a war-policy of uncompromising terribleness. That they are now getting spokesmen in the German press does not alter the facts, while it does imply the coming of a better temper.

Gov. Brumbaugh's judgment deserves respect, but the chief reason which he gives for vetoing the repeal of the Pennsylvania Full-Crew law is not convincing. "An extensive and systematic publicity campaign," he states, "was inaugurated to secure its passage. The members of the Legislature, so they informed me, were subjected to the pleadings of a large and persistent lobby until the bill had passed. Thousands of letters and other literature came to them and to the executive." There is no accusation here, but there is an intimation that this "lobby" was distinctly reprehensible. In point of fact, at the time the Full-Crew act was passed, the railways were unrepresented by any publicity bureau at Harrisburg, and all the lobbying was done by labor. Their presentation of their case this year was a defensive one, and the pressure they brought upon the Legislature was not direct, but through legitimate education of public sentiment. Mr. Brumbaugh should be the last to protest against using his own weapons. The argument that the act necessitates the employment of but one man has less force when it is considered that this extra employee costs some $2,000,000 yearly; while though the plea that this expenditure is justified by the increased safety it purchases is the crux of the matter, in his statement of it the Governor is regrettably vague. The railways may gain some consolation from his promise that in two years they may again try to show the unfairness of the law.

There can be no doubt as to the judgment which will be pronounced by the country at large on Gov. Slaton's action in the Frank case. He has done what his intellect and conscience dictated, after a close study of all the evidence in the case, without regard to the personal or political consequences to himself. Nor have we much doubt that this will also be the judgment of the great majority of his fellow-citizens in his own State. The noisy crowds that have been making threatening or insulting demonstrations against the Governor are only furnishing evidence that the charge of undue influence upon the jury at the original trial by the menace of mob violence was not without

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some foundation. It is not only the right but the duty of the Governor to do precisely what Gov. Slaton has done, in precisely such a case as that which, to the best of his ability to judge, was presented by the facts of the Frank case; and any attempt to intimidate or to punish him is an outrage not against him personally but against the Constitution and laws of the State. It is seldom that the rightfulness of a sentence of death is involved in so much doubt and perplexity as this one has been; and in commuting that sentence to life imprisonment Gov. Slaton has taken the only course which can make possible an ultimate clearing up of the case in accordance with the actual truth.

It is a pleasure to take note of an outgiving from a labor-union source such as the letter, printed in the New York *Times*, by William A. Major, "President Housesmiths and Structural Iron Workers of New York and Vicinity (Incorporated)." He draws attention to "the fact that in recent years there has been developing within certain labor organizations a pronounced sentiment and spirit in favor of a mutually square deal" —the said square deal taking the shape of incorporation under State laws, resulting in "an equal share of responsibility with employers." In how many instances this sentiment has up to the present time been embodied in action, we have no means of judging; but what is particularly pleasing in Mr. Major's letter is the spirit that he himself manifests in the language he uses. It is "with a feeling of great pride," he says, that he calls attention to the fact that "by no means all" labor unions are legally irresponsible, and he declares that "a large number" have assumed full responsibility "in their earnest and sincere endeavor to uplift not only their trade, but the individual worker." If this spirit should become general among labor-union leaders, much more will have been accomplished than what is directly involved in the fact of incorporation. Men who talk like this, and whose acts square with their talk, cannot possibly be guilty, in time of controversy, of the kind of conduct which has done so much to discredit the cause of union labor and has interfered so profoundly with improvement in the relations between labor and capital.

The figures given by Dr. George M. Kober, president of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, in his address at its annual meeting last week, are as impressive as they are encouraging. The death-rate from this disease, he says, has been reduced from 326 per 100,000 population in 1880 to 146.6 in 1913, which means that if the rate in 1880 had existed in 1913 there would have been 322,000 deaths from tuberculosis in this country in the latter year, instead of the actual number, which was 143,000—a saving of 179,000 lives. Figures of this nature have become familiar to to the public in recent years, but they have an undiminished interest. And that interest is not merely one connected with satisfaction in progress already made, but quite as much with the proof that that progress gives of the desirability of pushing the good work further. Dr. Kober's practical recommendations cover the subjects of milk, of housing, of "the enactment and enforcement of laws for the removal of dust and fumes" in industrial occupations, etc. It is not amiss to mention, as regards the wider significance of such statistics, that any such improvement as they testify to must be in the main an improvement affecting the lives of the masses of the people. Those who glibly talk of the advances of modern civilization as being absorbed by the rich or the well-to-do, while the toiling millions get no benefit, should be asked how the aggregate of deaths from tuberculosis could be cut in two by a life-saving process which affects only the fortunate few.

What was at issue in the Chicago transportation strike, and which side was directly responsible for it? Up to last week the men were working on a graduated wage scale covering a period of five years, by which the employees longest in service earned a maximum of 32 cents an hour, or in a year of ordinary working days over $1,000. They demanded a reduction of the graded scale from five years to two years, which would have involved an increased operating cost of $375,000 yearly during the two years of the proposed contract. They further asked for working conditions which would have cost the companies some $200,000 yearly in bonuses for extra time. On June 7 the surface lines had offered a substantial increase in wages to the new men, but had refused any advance over the maximum rate of 32 cents an hour; and they had further stated their willingness to arbitrate the whole matter if these concessions were unsatisfactory. It then appeared that the employees regarded the demands listed above as a minimum, and asked that, in lieu of the companies' offer, these be granted while arbitrators were taking up the question of other terms. Not only did the employees thus demand, in the words of the Chicago *Evening Post*, "guarantees in advance that they would win their case for wage increase," but also that they "should have the right of naming two out of the three arbitrators." The companies naturally refused. Public sentiment was increasingly with them, and there was no doubt of their fairness, for they still offered to concede that arbitration would not result in any reduction of wages. The labor leaders' realization that, in the words of the Chicago *Tribune*, a public utility strike without "the support of public opinion is lost," undoubtedly led to their acceptance of the companies' stand.

The language used by the two leading newspapers of South Carolina, in reference to the horrible shooting-down, a few days ago, of a negro prisoner and the officers in charge of him, leaves nothing to be desired in point of earnestness and emphasis. The negro was being brought to trial for alleged criminal assault upon a white woman, and the murderous onslaught was made by a small party of men. The Columbia *State* pleads that the affair should not be looked upon as a lynching, but as a barbarous act of family or clan vengeance. "Neither the people of Fairfield County nor of any community of the county," it says, "joined in the attack." The record of the county in the past, it continues, has been "eminently and especially honorable" in the matter of lynching; and it points to the action of the grand jury in immediately indicting the assailants for the murder of the negro—before the sheriff's wounds had proved to be mortal—as well as to the absence of participation in the outrage by the men of the neighborhood, as evidence of the law-abiding character of the community. The *News and Courier* apparently makes no such distinction between this case and the usual lynching; speaking of the reference to Mexico made by Judge Wilson in his charge to the grand jury, it says "the comparison was justified—we hang our heads in shame and admit that the hard words are true." But in substance the two papers are entirely in accord—both urge the unflinching punishment of the murderers, as necessary to the maintenance of the dignity of the law and the good name of the State. When officers bravely do their duty as did Sheriff Hood, who lost his life in its faithful performance, when judges and grand juries act with such vigor as was shown in this case, and when newspapers bring home to the people unsparingly the disgrace and injury of lawless vengeance, there is reason

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to hope that the end of lynching is not very far off.

Whatever support the University of Pennsylvania trustees might have found for their dropping of Professor Nearing if they had gone about it in a different way, they have evidently, and most justly, forfeited by the manner of the proceeding. In taking action at the close of the academic year, without notice or explanation, they must have been counting on the comparative noiselessness with which the object would be achieved; but the result has been precisely the opposite. Many persons who might have been satisfied with the reasons which the trustees could have assigned, and many others who might have viewed the question as debatable, are up in arms against the arbitrariness with which the trustees have acted, and against the assumption which underlies that arbitrariness—namely, that their reasons in such a case are no concern either of the faculty or of the public. Professors and alumni of the University of Pennsylvania are expressing their indignation in the most unmistakable way, and will be strengthened in their attitude by the manifestation of like sentiment in other universities—notably at Columbia—and by organs of public opinion. The idea that because the University is "not altogether a public institution," therefore the trustees are not accountable to anybody but themselves for the spirit in which the institution is conducted, is one that will have to be pried out of these gentlemen's heads. And it will be, we feel confident. Columbia, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are still less of "public institutions"—that is, institutions dependent on public money for support—but they long ago got far beyond any such view of their relation to the community.

The brightened Canadian outlook of which we hear from various sources is doubtless based upon the prospect that a record wheat crop will be sold at record prices. The Canadian forecasts fairly match the estimates for the United States. Last year 11,230,000 acres were sown, of which the drought destroyed about 1,000,000 acres. This year there are computed to be 12,900,000 acres, and the crop is flourishing almost beyond precedent. If the 1913 average of yield is equalled, the total product will reach 275,000,000 bushels, which is nearly fifty million bushels beyond any previous yield. The price depends upon a number of factors, including the result of operations in the Dardanelles, but it may again reach the dollar mark. What all this means directly to farmers and shippers, and indirectly to other classes, is evident; while it coincides with great activity in the export of war munitions, and with a lull in speculation.

Last autumn we were warned that, while the European war had made America a far greater source of Latin-American imports and a far greater market for exports than formerly, it had so affected commercial machinery and financial resources below Panama that many months might be required for readjustment. The report just brought by W. L. Lough, special investigator for the Department of Commerce, shows that the situation is bettering but slowly, and reemphasizes the fact that not only manufactured products are required in South America, but generous credits on purchases, ready money, and loans. Argentina and Uruguay the traveller found to be approaching prosperity again. Peru's economic life was far below normal, mainly because of the want of shipping facilities on the West Coast; in Brazil the loss of the German coffee market had accentuated the existing depression; in Chili the all-important nitrate industry was working at half-capacity, and in Bolivia the cutting off of tin exports had been disastrous. It is facts like these which strengthen his statements that "there is a big opportunity to establish closer financial relations with all these countries," and "there are many excellent investment issues . . . which could be sold in this country in large quantities." Latin-America may be quite willing to buy finished products from us. Her more intense desire is to sell her accumulating raw products; and she will naturally purchase from those nations which arrange financial coöperation.

Between the German drive into northern France, which was stopped by the battle of the Marne, and the present Teutonic advance for the reconquest of Galicia, there is a further resemblance than the mere extent of ground covered at a single sweep, which makes these the two great battles of the war. There is an extraordinary similarity in the strategic scheme which came so near to achieving the undoing of the French and the reduction of Paris, and the scheme which has worked such harm to the Russians. In the August campaign the German battle-line ran in a long diagonal from Mons in the northwest to Luxemburg in the southeast, and we must imagine this German diagonal pushed forward into France, but at widely different rates of speed for the two ends of the line. On August 23 began the British retreat before von Kluck at Mons. On September 5, von Kluck had reached the farthest south of his main advance at Coulommiers, to the southeast of Paris, having covered a distance of about 175 miles. The left German wing, under the Crown Prince, setting out from around Longwy, had reached on September 5 the vicinity of St. Menehoud, having covered a distance of about fifty miles in the same time that von Kluck had travelled more than three times as far. The German advance swung into France like a huge arm on a pivot, von Kluck's end of the arm describing a great sweep, the Crown Prince's army near the joint making the least progress. The Allied victory at the Marne consisted in checking the swing of the German arm and in partially pushing it back on its joint.

The Austro-German line at the beginning of the battle of Galicia extended in a great diagonal from Tarnow on the Dunajec southeast along the course of the Carpathians. This diagonal has been pushed forward northeast towards Lemberg, just as the German line in August was pushed forward southwest towards Paris. In Galicia, as in France, the two ends of the Teutonic line have advanced at varying rates of speed. The rôle that fell to von Kluck on the German right has been the rôle assigned to von Mackensen on the Teuton left. The part played by the Crown Prince's army in August and September is the part assigned to von Linsingen's army, which for nearly half a year stood on guard before Uzsok Pass in Galicia. To-day, in the final struggle for Lemberg, von Mackensen's left has swung forward across a distance of perhaps 160 miles towards Lemberg, almost duplicating von Kluck's record, while the southern German army under von Linsingen has pushed forward a distance of only about fifty-five miles, or almost exactly the distance covered by the Crown Prince from Luxemburg through the Argonne. Once more a giant arm has swung forward on a joint, more slowly but more implacably than in northern France last autumn. If a map of the Galician triangle be superimposed on a map of the German triangle in northern France, the coincidences are remarkable. If Mons, from where von Kluck started, falls on Tarnow from where Mackensen set out, then Coulommiers, where von Kluck was halted, will coincide with Lemberg; Koziowa, in the Carpathians, from where von Linsingen began his advance, would be Longwy, and the point at present reached by this southern German army would be near the point reached by the Crown Prince in September.

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NO "SUBTERFUGE" FRANCHISE.

The decision of the Supreme Court, on Monday, in the case of the Oklahoma franchise law, ends a long series of attempts in various States to nullify the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. That Amendment, as the Court clearly pointed out, was intended and supposed to be "self-executing" throughout the entire country. Yet laws had been passed cunningly devised to circumvent it. Several of these statutes have, in one way or another, been brought before the Supreme Court; but until now the judges have avoided meeting the main issue. The Oklahoma case, however, raised it in a form requiring a decision squarely on the merits. It was docketed on January 15, 1913. The opinion of the Court was thought to be foreshadowed last December, when it passed upon the "Jim Crow" law of Oklahoma. Plain indication was then given that the judges believed the States to have gone perilously near to contravening the Constitution. To the argument of one lawyer in that case, Judge Hughes replied from the bench: "That would make Constitutional rights depend upon the number of persons discriminated against, whereas the essence of Constitutional right is that it is personal." The hopes encouraged by this utterance, and by the attitude of the Court at that time, have now been realized. By a unanimous decision the Supreme Court has made null and void all election laws in Oklahoma and other States which seek to do by indirection what the Constitution forbids them to do directly.

Next to the unanimity of the Court, the most gratifying circumstance of its decision is that it was read by Chief Justice White, himself a Southerner, and formerly a Confederate soldier. With him fully agreed two other Southern judges, Justice Lamar and Justice McReynolds. These men could not fail to feel keenly the political difficulties of the South which had led to the adoption of laws designed to exclude the mass of the negroes from the franchise. Yet personal or regional sympathies could not be allowed to sway those set for the expounding of the law of the land. White, Lamar, and McReynolds were judges first, and Southerners afterwards. It was theirs simply to act "as becometh a judge."

In his opinion, the Chief Justice cut away with sharp strokes the many false pretences with which these discriminating suffrage laws have been surrounded. It was maintained that there was no express discrimination against any class of voters. The "standard" set up by the Fifteenth Amendment was not openly disavowed. Yes, declared Judge White, but the laws containing the "grandfather" clauses "inherently" break down that standard, since they are "based purely on a period of time before the enactment of the Fifteenth Amendment," and would "revitalize" "conditions which, when they prevailed in the past, had been destroyed by the self-operative force of the Amendment." With something like irony, the Chief Justice denied that there could be "any peculiar necromancy" affecting the qualifications of voters at the special period singled out by suffrage laws. The Court did not in the least deny to the States the right to make their own election laws and fix the requirements of the franchise. They could enact a literacy test for voters, if they chose. Only, they must render it absolutely impartial, applying to whites as well as blacks. The thing which they were forbidden to do by the Constitution was to make of either literacy or property qualifications a "subterfuge" to deprive any class of citizens of the right to vote. Moreover, the Court did not confine itself to an abstract decision. It upheld the criminal conviction of election officials in Oklahoma for denying the vote to negroes; and also approved the award of money damages to negroes refused admission to the registration booths in Annapolis, Maryland. The whole constitutes a rounded decision of the utmost Constitutional and political importance. It means as much forward as the Dred Scott case did backward.

Two feelings will well up in the hearts of thoughtful Americans as they reflect upon the full significance of this momentous decision of the Supreme Court. One is of gratitude and pride that we have a Constitution and a judicial system under which the rights of the poorest and humblest are secure. "The very least as feeling her care," said Hooker, in his famous apostrophe to Law. It is the law which has now come to the rescue of hundreds of thousands of lowly strugglers who could scarcely articulate their sense of being wronged. And it is law which is at the same time shown to be massive commonsense as well as justice. Everybody has always known that these discriminating suffrage statutes were shams and tricks. They pretended to do one thing while compassing another. But now it is the technicality-loving judges who have brushed aside the technicalities, gone straight to the heart of the case, and declared bluntly that no such thing as a "subterfuge" franchise can exist in this republic. All the talk for years past of doing something to enhance the popular esteem for the courts seems weak and pale compared with what the Supreme Court has done to exalt itself as a tribunal of high and exact justice, by this one splendid stroke.

For the rest—and this is the other feeling we mean—there will be full sympathy with the South in the efforts it will now have to make to adjust itself to the new conditions. Legislatures will need to act, in order to square their statutes with the Supreme Court decision, but more important is it that public opinion should move intelligently. We have all got to face the facts. North as South we now know what we have to reckon with. If we are in peril from an ignorant vote, the remedy is not to suppress it, but to be just and fair to it and to educate it. A mighty impulse to the already powerful movement for better common-school education in the South ought to follow the Supreme Court decision. In that effort, and in all others to "educate our masters," in Robert Lowe's phrase, and to bring about a better feeling, based on political justice, between the races, the South may count upon the heartiest aid and applause of the North.

THE POLITICS OF IT.

Two weeks ago there was suddenly thrust upon the country an event which was not only dramatic, but which was said to be big with the fate of parties and of government. It was not only, we were told, an Administration that was disrupted under our eyes, but a party that was riven in twain. There was an immense amount of political speculation over the occurrence. The papers were filled with predictions of partisan realignments, new leaders, fateful effects upon next year's Presidential election, and so on. Democrats were depressed. Republicans were elated; they said that the other party was now going to find out what it meant to have a Taft-Roosevelt feud. Thus the trail of politics was over it all. But the singular thing is that this trail has since become almost invisible. In less than two weeks, the reverberating event which was to destroy President Wilson, politically, and split the Democratic party asunder, has subsided into an incident which is hardly talked about any more.

What is the explanation? Was it a case of gross exaggeration—merely another instance of the American fondness for seeing "big politics" in everything that takes place? We would not say that. It was not a misleading political instinct which prompted the feeling that Mr. Bryan's resignation might be earth-shaking in its consequences. The

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possibilities lay plainly in it. The materials for a great explosion seemed to be unmistakably in view. Yet a little time has sufficed to show that we were all mistaken about it. Not that Mr. Bryan's getting out of the Cabinet may not, next year, have a certain effect upon the plans of parties and the course of the campaign. But the sense of something momentous being immediately impending has passed away. Everybody takes very calmly now what on June 9 threw everybody into excitement. Nor is it simply because a new sensation has driven out the old. We have now got the old one in a truer perspective, and see that it is not what we thought it was when it was nearer by.

One reason why the country has visibly changed its view about the politics of Mr. Bryan's resignation is that the bomb did not really explode. The fuse was wet, and only sputtered. What was to shock people out of their beds, soon left them only bored and sleepy. Mr. Bryan's miscalculation was so glaring. A politician to whom popularity had been as the breath in his nostrils, found to his surprise that he had done an intensely unpopular thing. Instead of plaudits, epithets were thrown at him. Seldom can one who had spent all his life trying to understand the heart of the people, have read his oracle so wrong. Mr. Bryan so fumbled the whole thing from the start as at once to discredit his own powers even for mischief-making. A public man, the feeling was, who could go so hopelessly wrong, and drive away in a day masses of his thick-and-thin supporters, could not be such a formidable political figure, after all. There was not so much reason as had been thought why the President should dread a rupture with him.

Whether Mr. Wilson actually had any acute fears on that score, we do not profess to know. If he had, he kept them very much to himself. And so has he kept to himself all other aspects of the affair. And here is the second reason why the thunderbolt of two weeks ago has become only as the buzzing of an insect at the window. The President has maintained absolute silence. No word, whether of criticism, complaint, or defence, has come from him. Others might be all a-tingle with gossip over the effects of Mr. Bryan's defection, but Woodrow Wilson has not opened his lips. That this course was profoundly sagacious, in a political sense, the result shows. Bryan alone cannot keep up the interest in Bryan. He rises like a kite against adverse winds; but the President has refused to send so much as a zephyr in his direction. The result is the sagging and the dragging on the ground which all can now see. There is no golden recipe like silence, when the slightest utterance will be wrested, when speech can only make a bad matter worse, and when leaving a man to quarrel all by himself inevitably makes of him either a nuisance or a ludicrous personality. "Reputed wise for saying nothing!" Among statesmen, at any rate, it is a rare gift; and the President has never shown himself a more skilled political manager than in refusing to say a word about what the whole country was, for a day or two, agog with.

In the little interval for reflection and settling down which we have had since the abrupt departure of the ex-Secretary of State, one political fact has become fairly plain. Mr. Bryan may injure the President; but he cannot any longer give him substantial help. If Mr. Wilson is to be reëlected, it will be because of a trend of things in connection with the war and with the country's prosperity, over which Mr. Bryan could have had no control whatsoever. If events shape themselves favorably to the President, he can be elected even in the face of Bryan's opposition; if fortune turns her back on him, then he could not be elected even with Bryan's assistance. The gradual penetration of this truth into the public mind has had much to do with the quieting down of the political sensation first caused by the break in the Cabinet. Beginning as a furious boiling, it is now only a gentle simmer.

DISCUSSING TERMS OF PEACE.

Rumors of mediation between the belligerent nations again appear in the European dispatches. The latest report is that Austria is to ask the Pope to use his good offices to get proposals of peace before the several Governments at war. It may be true, but no great hope can be pinned to such an effort at this time. Yet it is the fact that in France and England, as well as in Germany, there have been recent expressions, official or semi-official, about the possible terms of peace, which are highly significant and deserve to be taken seriously.

The position of the French and English Governments is, in brief, that there is at present no likelihood of getting offers of peace from Germany in a form which the Allies could consider. They are under no illusion as to the formidable nature of the struggle in which they are engaged. The might of Germany as a military power they fully understand. Yet they believe that her fighting is now really on the defensive; that the extreme of her energy has been displayed, and that hereafter there will be a slow weakening; and that the Allies must hold on grimly until the German Government comes to a different mind about the admissible conditions of the war's close.

On this last point we have a good deal of light in the recent two days' debate in the Reichstag, full accounts of which have just come to hand. Speeches were made by representatives of the Social-Democratic party, and of the Conservative, and also by the Chancellor of the Empire. They did not directly discuss the terms of peace. What they spoke of was, rather, the "aims of the war"—the goal, that is, which Germany has now set before herself; the "guarantees and assurances" which she must have before she will lay down her arms. Herr Ebert, speaking for the Social-Democrats, identified his party with the desires of Germany in the war, but uttered a warning word about what would be expected within Germany after the war was over—namely, greater equality and a freer development for all elements of the people. This familiar plea of the German Socialists aroused a Conservative member, Count Westarp, who refrained from attacking it severely only because he thought it would not be opportune to do so at a time when it might create "false impressions in foreign countries."

> I am speaking [he said] only because the Social Democrats are again taking advantage of this day to assert that this war may not end with territorial conquests. . . . [They] earlier explained that they took this standpoint in agreement with the international. . . . In our opinion the principles of the international are utterly without interest for us. We think that it is a matter of honor for the German people not to permit to recur conditions such as had developed at our borders, and we approve completely of the point of view which the Imperial Chancellor took yesterday. And this goal can be reached only if the military and political interests of the empire are exclusively the determining factors; and, therefore, we may not draw back abashed, either, before the acquisitions of territory that may be necessary to this purpose.

But the really important speech was, of course, the Chancellor's, of which only fragments were telegraphed.

Some of his references to Italy, Turkey, and France were in the humorless style which Bethmann-Hollweg has made familiar. He reproached the Italians for following the doctrine that a war which is necessary is therefore right. This is enough to make a Belgian horse laugh. As for Turkey, the Chancellor declared that her coming into the war by the side of Germany had given her a "brilliant renaissance" (*eine glänzende Wiedergeburt*). That would test

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even Turkish gravity. As for France, the Chancellor rather pitied her, since she lay under "the terror of the censorship." The French public was permitted to know nothing of the French losses; no German or Austrian military reports were allowed publication in France; and no "knowledge of the defeats of the Russians" was permitted to the deceived French. This would imply that no French newspapers ever get to Berlin. Otherwise the Chancellor would have known that he was mistaken. There is, of course, a press censorship in France—just as there is in Germany—but the military events of the war have been freely traced by the French newspapers. In three successive numbers of the *Journal des Débats*, for example, there were, almost at the time of the Chancellor's address to the Reichstag, full articles on the Russian defeats in Galicia.

All these, however, are minor points compared with von Bethmann-Hollweg's account of the present military situation, and of the demands which Germany would make before she would consent to peace. His picture of a ring of enemies about Germany was stark and truthful. But he defied them. They could never "break through." This is the tone of one on the defensive, but the Chancellor was aggressive enough when he affirmed that the whole German people would pursue the only road open to them, and would steadfastly do it until "we have every possible guarantee and assurance, for which we have fought, that none of our enemies, separate or together, will again take up arms against us."

This obviously leaves the matter a good deal in the vague, though others who took part in the debate frankly urged the annexation of territory. As the *Frankfurter Zeitung* remarks, the Chancellor's "guarantees" will be interpreted by one man in one way and by another in another. Then it goes on, in a really noteworthy editorial, to express the Liberal German view which once was so common, but of which we have recently heard so little. After saying that there can be no absolute guarantee against war, it adds that the weightiest one, after peace comes, will be, on the part of Germany, "a wise, far-sighted, and honorable policy." It would be the height of unreason, it argues, to suppose that "all world-problems can be solved by cannon and submarines." Even if Germany were to be strengthened like a giant by the results of the war, it would be folly for her to trust solely in her might, and to "seek her ends as if she were alone in the world." "The great statesman to whom Germany owes her position, always believed that blood and iron were to be employed only when it was unavoidable, and that the German people were to fulfil their mission through making their policy as considerate as possible."

ENGLAND'S NEW PLAN OF WAR FINANCE.

Amid a good many technical considerations, three facts stand out preëminently in the new programme of war finance, set forth in Parliament on Monday night by the Chancellor of the British Exchequer. A decided rise in the price of capital, as a result of the European war, is recognized by the Government. The historic English plan of a public debt with no assignable date of maturity is finally abandoned. The policy of applying to the smallest as well as to the largest investor—adopted by our Government in its borrowings of the Civil War, by the French Government in its loan issues after the Franco-Prussian War, and by the German Government during the past few months—is explicitly adopted by Great Britain.

The higher price of capital, and the prospect of its continuance, are recognized by the fixing of a 4½ per cent. interest rate on the new loan, which is offered to investors at par, and is to run for thirty years. It is true that an even higher price has been paid for capital in the past by the British Government; but it was done through selling at a heavy discount bonds which still retained a nominally low interest rate. The "consols," issued in enormous quantities during the Napoleonic wars, were 3 per cent. securities; but their price on the Stock Exchange went at one time as low as 50 (which meant an actual return of 6 per cent.), and the Government had to make such terms, in its offer of new loans, as would meet the market.

The price rose above par, however, several decades later, and in 1888, after many years of peaceful prosperity, Mr. Goschen carried out his plan of converting the whole outstanding debt into 2¾ per cents, with a further proviso that the rate should be reduced to 2½ in 1903. It is now recognized that this policy was a mistake. Its wisdom seemed for a time to be amply vindicated; for the market price of the 2¾ per cents got as high as 113⅞ in the period of world-wide easy money, 1897 and 1898. But the second conversion into 2½ per cents came at a very different period. In 1903, England was in the midst of her financial readjustment after the Transvaal War. Other European states were assuming a war-like attitude. The United States had absorbed prodigious sums of capital in its new industrial promotions. Instead of world-wide ease in money, all markets were under an exacting strain.

With the lapse to the 2½ per cent. rate, the market price of consols started on the almost continuous decline which did not end until the London Stock Exchange, at the outbreak of this present war, fixed a "minimum price" of 66 at which transactions would be permitted. The policy now adopted by the Exchequer takes the matter in hand quite frankly. It not only recognizes 4½ per cent. as now the price which the Government must pay for fresh capital, and it not only proposes to exchange the new 4½ per cents for the older 2½s, on a basis adjusted something slightly above the present price of consols, but it offers to exchange on even terms the new bonds, with their higher rate, for the $1,750,000,000 3½ per cent. war loan, sold at 95 last November.

This far-reaching undertaking will at least create a real "consolidated loan," through whose varying price upon the market the proper terms for further borrowing may be judged, without the confusing circumstances arising from outstanding issues with a different interest rate. The final abandonment of the Exchequer's old-time plan of loans without a fixed maturity was, indeed, foreshadowed in the "Goschen conversion plan"; but it ends a long economic controversy over the question whether the Government gained or lost by the original process. It used to be argued that, since the Government, when in funds, could redeem its debt by outright purchases when the market for consols was depressed, it could afford to sell new consols at a discount. Experience has taught, however, that when consols were depressed, the cause was one which operated equally to deplete the public revenue and prevent a surplus for the redemption of debt. Conversely, when the Government revenue was overflowing, consols were likely to be selling at high prices.

The appeal to small investors involves expedients, in themselves simple and familiar enough, but hitherto unknown to British Government finance. The new 4½ per cents are to be sold through the Bank of England in $500 denominations; but the post offices are to offer them in denominations as low as $25. More than this, the thrifty Englishman or Englishwoman may purchase, at various selling agencies, interest-bearing "vouchers" in sums as small as five shillings, and exchange them for a regular bond when $25 worth of such vouchers have been accumulated. For England, this is likely to

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prove an extremely interesting experiment. That it will jeopardize the position of the savings banks, as the New York *Tribune's* London correspondent intimates, does not follow necessarily. No one familiar with the fiscal history of our Civil War will forget the immense and wholly unlooked-for mass of private capital which came from the little savings of our people into the national treasury, when Jay Cooke contrived his plan of peddling out United States coupon bonds, in large and small denominations, through an army of canvassers in every town and village of the Union. Yet deposits in American savings banks, during that very period, rose from $206,000,000 to $242,000,000.

The so-called "blanket power" to borrow $5,000,000,000, conferred last Monday by Parliament on the Exchequer, is hardly so startling a concession as the figure would seem to indicate. Outside of the $1,250,000,000, already voted for the raising of fresh capital, not less than $3,750,000,000 new 4½ per cents will be required, to provide for conversion of the older consols and the November war loan, on the terms prescribed. But this is not creation of new debt. Yet, when it is said that the public debt of England, on completion of the arrangements, will be almost exactly double what it was at the outbreak of the war, last August, the magnitude of the financial problem now confronting Europe may be imagined.

JAPAN AS COLONIAL ADMINISTRATOR.

The expansion of Japanese rule and Japanese influence on the Asiatic mainland has a meaning to the United States above any other Power excepting Russia. In the sense that all the Powers are competitors for prestige and profit in the Orient, they are affected more or less directly by Japanese progress in that field. But in our own case the effects of Japanese development are felt not only in the Orient, but at home. The Japanese problem on the Pacific Coast is for the present quiescent. It may or may not recur to perplex us. Whether it does or not depends primarily on the ability of the Japanese Government to live up to its promise to prevent immigration to our shores; and that in turn depends upon Japan's finding elsewhere an outlet for her surplus population. Regarding the question whether Korea and Manchuria offer such opportunities to Japan, there has been a great deal of contradictory assertion. So far as Korea is concerned, we may answer the question with a fair degree of accuracy on the basis of the annual reports issued by the Governor-General of Korea, of which the latest volume, for the years 1912 and 1913, is now at hand.

Korea came under Japanese control after the Manchurian War, and was formally annexed in 1910. Japan thus came into possession of some 85,000 square miles of territory with a population now ascertained at 15,000,000. Judged by population, Korea stands high among the world's colonial possessions. It comes after British India and the Dutch East Indies, only a little behind French Indo-China, and ahead of Belgian Congo. In natural resources, however, Korea cannot compare with any of these, and it offers a further handicap to exploitation in the psychology of its inhabitants, a people long recognized as lacking in initiative and energy, sunk in the deepest poverty, and enslaved by anæmic custom and superstition. The first question that arose, therefore, was whether Korea offered a field for Japanese settlement on an appreciable scale. Bearing in mind that the beginnings of colonial development are everywhere painful, the increase of Japanese population in Korea has been significant. In 1909 the number of Japanese in the country was 146,000. In 1912 the number was 244,000, showing an annual increase of about 25,000, with steady growth from year to year. At present the annual immigration must be about 35,000, and the ratio of male immigrants to women is nearly at a level, showing that the character of the immigration is permanent. If we add to Korea the Japanese emigration into South Manchuria, which offers richer opportunities for the settler, we get an annual exodus of possibly sixty thousand. In the course of the next decade we can foresee an emigration of perhaps a million Japanese to the Asiatic mainland, and so an indirect solution of our Pacific Coast problem.

The thoroughness with which the Japanese Government has set to work at the development of the country is exemplified on every page of this official report. It is a record of enlightened and painstaking endeavor of which the results are already visible. No field of governmental effort has been neglected, from the preliminary operations of land survey and census enumeration to public sanitation and hygiene, public education, agricultural and industrial development, railway building, afforestation, mines, fisheries, and the fostering of trade and commerce. The volume before us tells a story of scientific experimentation applied in every direction, to the culture of silk and tobacco, to mines, forests, and fisheries, down to the fostering of thrift among a poverty-stricken population by the encouragement of communal savings associations. Figures taken at random illustrate the range of governmental public activities and the degree of success they have met. As a defence against epidemic, vaccination has been practiced on a large scale. In 1912 more than three million of the population were inoculated, and altogether half of the population has been subjected to treatment. In 1912 the number of pupils in the elementary schools was more than 43,000, small enough for a population of fifteen millions, but a four-fold increase over 1908. In 1912 the value of the mineral production of the country was three and a quarter million dollars, or three times the output for 1907. Between 1908 and 1912 the number of men engaged in the fisheries and the value of the product had doubled. In 1906 the foreign trade of Korea amounted to something less than twenty million dollars; in 1912 it was more than fifty million dollars.

In the figures for Korean commerce we find an index to the true relation between trade and the flag. If the policy of the closed door functions anywhere, it should be in Korea, where Japanese authority is absolute. Actually, the figures show that in 1911 Japan had 65 per cent. of the foreign trade, and in 1913 a little over 62 per cent. In the same period the trade of the United States in Korea rose from about two and a half million dollars to nearly four million dollars, and from 7.2 per cent. of the total commerce to 7.7 per cent. The question is not one of Japanese disinterestedness, but of Japan's ability, in the face of economic forces, to shut out foreign trade if she tried. The report makes no concealment of Japan's determination to assimilate the Koreans. The Japanese language is now compulsory in the public schools, the use of the Japanese national hymn is obligatory, and the primary object of the elementary school system is asserted to be the inculcation of loyalty to the Mikado. Yet the trade of the other nations, with the exception of Russia, has not suffered. The problem of foreign opportunity in Korea therefore assumes this aspect: whether Japan's efforts in developing the resources of the country, and so widening the opportunities for foreign trade in general, do not compensate for such special advantages as Japan enjoys. American trade in the old Hermit Kingdom was negligible. American trade under a modernized Korea shows a very healthy increase. It is a consideration which holds for other regions of the Far East.

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Foreign Correspondence

BRITAIN'S SHARE IN THE WAR—OTHER USES OF MILITANCY—THE ZEPPELINS OVER LONDON.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, June 4.

There has of late been some evidence of a suspicion in neutral quarters that Great Britain has not yet been taking her full share in the world's war. Something may, however, be alleged in mitigation of this judgment without any assertion that we have done all we might have done, and without any feeling of vainglory in our achievements. Would it not, for example, be fair to say that, apart from heroic little Belgium, Great Britain is the only one of the Allies that so far has done as much as was expected of her? It was believed that the reorganized army of France was at least on a par with that of Germany, and there were many who were confident that her 75-mm. guns would give her a substantial preponderance. In courage, determination, and heroic endurance, France has surpassed all expectations, but she has not yet had the full amount of success in the field that many looked for. Again, it was hoped that the teeming millions of Russia would simply smother the forces Germany could spare for her eastern frontier. The bravery of Russia has been as conspicuous as that of France, and her marvellous "resilience" has been, and will probably continue to be, one of the controlling factors of the war; but the "steam roller" has so far rolled back and forth over the same ground. Great Britain was expected to obtain control of the seas. This she has done. She was expected to help France with an expeditionary force, variously estimated at from 70,000 to 150,000 men. As a matter of fact, she has already dispatched at least 700,000 to fields of foreign warfare. When we open our *Weekly Times*, we find in it a list of killed and wounded officers that now seldom or never contains fewer than 500 names. Is it not a little hard to reproach with slackness a country that is sacrificing its officers alone at the rate of at least 25,000 a year?

The appearance of slackness arises from the fact that Great Britain is a democracy, and a democracy that has known no serious war for at least a century, that has (practically) never seen the face of an invader for 850 years, and that has never been accustomed to compulsory military service. Is there anything in history, in its own line, to set beside Lord Kitchener's creation of a volunteer army of at least two million men—an army, too, for which volunteers are still pouring in? I suppose the nearest parallel to this feat is seen in the Federal troops raised in the American Civil War; but President Lincoln had not (I believe) raised nearly as many men as Kitchener before he had to have recourse to "drafts." If we also come to compulsory military service, we are justified in hoping that, under it, our bearing will equal that of our transatlantic cousins, and that our "draft riots" will be no more serious than were those of New York. Yet it cannot be denied that too many strong young men in mufti are still seen in our streets, that strikes still occur for causes that seem to lack the full flavor of urgency, and that meetings of protest are still held against the suspension of racing. Many have yet to learn, in the words of Sir Owen Seaman,

> That they alone are free indeed,
> Who bind themselves to serve the nation.

Germany is believed to have been bitterly disappointed by the immediate and loyal response of Ireland, India, and our Colonial Dominions to Great Britain's need; but perhaps the unkindest cut of all was the total disappearance of militancy among our women. They, too, with all their grievances against the British Government, felt that British rule meant, in the last resort, something infinitely more precious than anything they could expect from Germany; and there was not a moment's hesitation. There is a curious, almost cruel, irony in the spectacle of the suffragettes embattled against Germany; for, to mere man, militancy seems to differ from frightfulness in degree only. The one is simply a less logical, a less adequate, a less thorough-going variety of the other. But window-smashing and letter-destroying have now been relegated to the limbo of the deadest kind of bygones. In the light of the admirable patriotic work carried on since the beginning of the war by Mrs. Pankhurst and the Women's Social and Political Union in general, it would be the height of ungenerosity to upbraid them with their past. Their business-like organization enabled the suffragettes to throw themselves into practical and useful work, with none of the hesitation and delay that hampered other equally well-meaning groups of women. The *Suffragette*, backed up by the most admirable speeches and pamphlets of the leaders of the movement, has been one of the most efficacious agencies in the encouragement of enlisting. The note of high courage and supreme devotion, sounded by paper, voice, and pamphlet alike, has been an example to us all. This recruiting campaign has been the great contribution of the W. S. P. U. to national defence. On the side of social reform may be mentioned its adoption of a number of "war babies," to be reared under model conditions and trained in accordance with the natural ability and special gifts of each individual child. Yet another service has been the keen criticism, in the *Suffragette*, of the conduct of certain societies and individuals who have been rather obscuring the issue by their doubtless well-meant but rather academic and premature discussions of the future. The philosopher might well find cause to moralize on the fallacy of human judgment as to the absolute good, when he notes the invaluable services now arising out of the trained organization and devoted self-sacrifice of militancy, just as when he reflects on the advantages our army derived last autumn from experience acquired in the otherwise regrettable Boer War.

London has now had its long expected visit from the Zeppelin airships. The fact that few of us knew anything about it till many hours after it happened is a vivid proof of the hugeness of London. It was all over before midnight. Even those in the direct line of the bombs have accepted the situation philosophically, and look forward to a possible repetition with the sang-froid usually shown by humanity when confronted with elemental dangers like earthquakes against which no precautions will avail. Of panic there does not seem to be a trace, though here and there we may meet with something that suggests a touch of bravado. Thus a friend, whose house was struck (but not seriously injured) by a fragment of bomb, writes: "We here look upon the Zeppelin business as absurd, and as a kind of playing at war. Our only interest in it is that we should like them to come by day, so that we might see what they are like."

FRENCH HOMAGE TO AMERICA—THE TRIBUTES OF NOTED MEN AND WOMEN.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, June 5.

On Saturday, May 29, the Americans of Paris had the comfort of assisting at a unique ceremony. It was the "Homage of French Artists and Writers to the United States of America." The Homage was three immense albums of original drawings and autograph sentiments. They were presented to the American Ambassador, to be placed in his country's archives, by Léon Bonnat for the artists and Gabriel Hanotaux for the writers, in the presence of the President of the French Republic. Ministers of State and members of the French Academy and other notabilities made up a representative platform. The Schola Cantorum, led by Vincent d'Indy, sang the "Marseillaise" and "Star-Spangled Banner"; and Mounet-Sully, venerable *doyen* of the Comédie Française, declaimed verses of Daniel Lesueur (Madame Henry Lapauze). And the placid figures of the "Sacred Wood" painted by Puvis de Chavannes looked down from the walls of the great University amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, where the ceremony took place.

Little can be given here beyond gleanings from these sentiments expressed by the best minds of France in gratitude for the vast sympathy and charity which Americans have shown in present trouble. American hospitals and ambulances and the centralizing American Relief Clearing House stand for us. No people has ever done more for another.

For venerated Madame Adam, "United States" in our double name represents the masculine characteristics of the nation, and "America" the feminine.

Jean Aicard, of the French Academy, says: "With joy we feel that the heart and mind of the New World are ready to acclaim our certain victory as that of the Right of Peoples." Maurice Barrès, also of the Academy, and strong in his national belief, adds: "France sees all. . . . To save our country, we need nothing and no one; but, with infinite pleasure and emotion, we gather to ourselves all that comes from the heart. . . . How precious to us are the growing sympathies of wise and strong America and her generosity to our soldiers and civil martyrs. . . . This it is to enter into our fraternity."

André Beaunier, who not so long ago was of the young generation, appeals to one American:

"Emerson is our master of intelligent pride, and not a Nietzsche of foolish megalomania. By the difference of these two philosophers, judge the two peoples, two races, two souls, to love only one of them and to love it well."

Emile Boutroux, who has seen so many philosophers pass while thinking out his own—

> Tiresias
> Sitting, staff in hand,
> . . . .

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Revolving inly
The doom of Thebes—

was present, contemplative of the great thought which I find from his hand in the album:

"The future is not a thing already made which we have to wait for; it will be what we make it. . . . This is the American thought—the American wishes to create. This does not mean that he has equal admiration for all that differs from the past. In his country of Anglo-Saxon origin, where man has long been struggling with the most positive problems of existence, practical and moral sense controls fancy. The American's aim is the creation of one whole which shall be ever larger and more coherent and be formed of divers and autonomous elements. Each of these elements, insomuch as it exists and subsists and defends itself and develops, has its own value and must be preserved with its distinctive characters. But, just as the States have had to limit their sovereignty and become United to constitute a nation in which each preserves its individuality, so, in every order of things, Americans follow up the formation of syntheses wherein the one is reconciled with the multiple, wherein the parts remain themselves even in their solidarity—like one of Mozart's symphonies, whose music at first seems simple and homogeneous, but in which the ear, applying itself, little by little discerns all the notes to the weakest, for they remain distinct and individual through the combinations which seem to make them vanish in the one whole."

Such Individualism, which the veteran philosopher sees realized in the American thought of things and persons, is assuredly different from the "organization" of citizens into a state as a machine. Perhaps this is what he understood "from my regretted friend, the great philosopher William James, whom I often heard, in 1910, express the desire to constitute a metaphysics of the New—of creation."

Paul Bourget recalls the same universally accepted name: "With what ardor, had he still lived, would not William James, the glory of Harvard, have defended in our cause, at the side of President Eliot, the very principle of civilization! Ever since the violation of Belgian territory, this has been the real meaning of the present war. The question is whether, yes or no, a signature given must be respected."

Paul Deschanel, President of the Chamber of Deputies, who also visited America in youth, has for his conclusion: "Whatever may be the chances and changes of this struggle, one great historic truth will come from it for the New World as well as for the Old. It is that every threatening European hegemony finds rising up against it a coalition that will end by bringing it under."

Frédéric Masson, the voluminous and volcanic historian of Napoleon, chronicles the work of Time: "The seed which France of the Monarchy cast on the battlefields of America has risen; it has grown and ripened; it bursts the barns wherein it is garnered. It feeds the France of 1915." Two members of the French Academy, Haussonville and Ségur, and Charles le Goffic of Brittany, remember that their grandfathers had to do with our Revolution and Lafayette.

Finally, Adrien Mithouard, President of the Municipal Council of Paris—a proud title—in a few words sums up the true and hearty appreciation of all Frenchmen; and it is greatly to the praise of our people:

"The sympathies of the United States were always precious to us, yet never so much as in this tragic hour when the most formidable of conflicts is tearing old Europe asunder. We are grateful for their manifold and generous initiative, not only in its solacing of suffering and misery, but most of all in the witness it bears to our country and our cause. By their position the United States are disinterested in the great quarrel of which we are a part; and they appear to us the very type of the impartial and incorruptible witness. The fact that, in the crucible of their national unity, they have melted together elements from most European nationalities increases further in our eyes the authority of their judgment. . . . We shall not forget it."

The Breakdown of Internationalism

A REVIVAL OF THE DISCIPLINARY VIRTUES AS THE REMEDY FOR IMPERIALISTIC EXPANSION.

By IRVING BABBITT.

PART II.

V.

My meaning as to the need of a humanistic movement may perhaps become clearer if we pause for a moment to consider whether the past offers any analogies to the cycle of expansion through which the world has been running since the eighteenth century. One period of the past in particular seems to me to offer interesting analogies with the present—analogies that must be used with infinite caution, and offer no secure basis, I need scarcely add, for prophecy. Greece in the fifth century before the Christian era had more or less discarded its traditional standards and was confronted as we are by the problem of finding something to take their place. Then as now the expansive instincts of the different states and of individuals in each state tended to run wild. There is a certain likeness between the present war and the Peloponnesian War—both wars of commercial and imperialistic expansion. At the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War Greece had achieved the highest civilization the world had yet seen; in some respects a higher civilization than it has seen since. The Peloponnesian War was an unpardonable crime against this civilization. The hope of the ancient world perished in a burst of megalomania. It was an immeasurable calamity that there was not at the critical moment enough moderation and common-sense in Athens and Sparta to keep the two countries from armed conflict. We may hope that a like failure on the part of England and Germany may not prove similarly calamitous to modern civilization. In the Peloponnesian War the various Greek states exhausted one another to the ultimate advantage of a comparatively uncivilized Power—Macedon. In the same way the countries of Western Europe may exhaust one another to the ultimate advantage of a comparatively uncivilized Power—Russia.

The period of expansion that followed the Persian wars was, like ours, filled with insurgents against the past, with anti-traditionalists, as one may say, who oscillated like us between admiration for the strong man, the cult of sheer energy, and sympathy and compassion for the weak. The Greeks were less intoxicated than we are with the future. But with the discrediting of what was traditionally fixed and stable and the failure to put anything in its place, there grew up among them, as there has grown up among us, an extraordinary restlessness. The wise men of that time, like the wise men of all times, were not partisans of restlessness, but of peace, poise, centrality. In spite, however, of the efforts of Socrates and Plato and others, the emancipated Greeks inclined more and more to change and novelty and motion. In the absence of futurists, they had plenty of vorticists, if I may give a wider application to the name assumed by a little group of English artists. "Whirl is king," exclaimed Aristophanes, "having driven out Zeus." The worship of the god Whirl was indeed erected by some of the sophists into a philosophy. Here again we have a strict modern parallel in that high-priest of vertigo, Henri Bergson, who invites us to escape from the artificial and become "real" by turning our backs on our intellects and diving into the everlasting flux. The success of Bergsonism and similar philosophies is only one of many indications that the world has been going at a dangerous pace, that it has been indulging, if I may be pardoned the metaphor, in spiritual joy-riding. Bergsonism, both in its origins and its practical implications, is closely allied with the doctrine of Nietzsche. Those, therefore, who accept Bergson and reject Nietzsche are inconsistent; likewise, and for the same reason, those who accept Cramb and his posthumous book on Germany and England, and who reject Bernhardi. The volume of Cramb, with its setting of Machiavelli above Dante, with the passage I have already cited on the spirit of Christ and the spirit of Napoleon, with the almost incredible final picture of the war-god Odin looking down with satisfaction on his favorite children, the English and Germans, engaged in mortal conflict, has the same unmistakable tang of barbarism as the volume of Bernhardi. All these writers and thinkers are alike in their expansiveness, in their exaltation of vital impulse over vital control. The final drift of the modern world, if it follows such leaders, will be like that of the ancient Greek world, towards a decadent, or, if the reader prefers, an irrational imperialism.

Lest I seem to be framing my philosophy with reference to recent events, I hope that I may be allowed to quote here a passage that I published in 1910: "Any one who makes a stand at present for a humane and vital concentration may, perhaps, with somewhat less than the normal amount of illusion, look on himself as belonging to the

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saving remnant; he may at least be sure that he belongs to an infinitesimal minority. What Matthew Arnold would call the 'elephantine main body' seems more convinced than ever that man, to become perfect, has only to continue indefinitely the programme of the nineteenth century—that is, to engage in miscellaneous expansion and back it up if need be with noisy revolt against all the forms of the past. Any one who holds a different view is set down at once as a mere laggard and reactionary. But the man who is urging humane concentration may rather regard himself as a pioneer and leader of a forlorn hope, whereas the true laggard—and a dangerous laggard at that—may turn out to be the apostle of everlasting expansion, the kind of man who may be defined as the nineteenth century that is unwilling to complete itself. For this kind of man is rendering inevitable a concentration that will not be humane, but of the military and imperialistic type peculiar to epochs of decadence. When the traditional checks and inhibitions finally disappear and *élan vital* gets under way on a grand scale, with no countervailing *frein vital*, the only law that can decide which nation or which individual is to expand vitally and unrestrained is the law of cunning or the law of force. Such is the inevitable upshot of a pure naturalism.

"The humanitarian will, of course, reply that all this expansion will be sufficiently tempered by an increase in altruism. Unfortunately, the evidence is as yet rather scanty that the human nature of the future is going to differ so radically from the human nature of the past. To illustrate concretely, the growth of international good will does not seem to reassure the English entirely regarding the vital expansion of Germany."*

VI.

It may well be that the present imperialistic drift can be checked only by a quieter and saner view of life, only by a recovery of the disciplinary virtues, the virtues of concentration. The question remains on what basis the disciplinary virtues should rest if they are to be successfully rehabilitated. Doubtless many Athenians agreed with Aristophanes in glorifying the "good old times," and so were for opposing to the progressives of their day a stolid toryism. A similar attitude is found among various groups of nationalists in France and other European countries. Such a revival of the past is, I believe, impossible in France, and doubly impossible for us in America. The suggestion that we get back to Puritanism would be received with a smile even by the descendants of the Puritans. We are not, indeed, a nation at all in the sense that France is a nation. If the present type of internationalism is unsound, it is of the utmost moment that we should discover the error and rectify it, for only by working out a truly international, that is, a truly human point of view, can we hope to attain a sufficient degree of national cohesion.

**The New Laokoon, pp. 240, ff.*

How, then, does one become human? A full reply to this question is naturally beyond the scope of an article. Denying as he does the "civil war in the cave," the humanitarian, as I have already indicated in brief, would solve the problem simply by widening his sympathies or by devising machinery for social "uplift." Humanism, on the other hand, always implies faith in a special law for human nature as opposed to the natural law. It would have men impose on their ordinary selves the yoke of this human law—and so become moderate and sensible and decent. As to the best way of acquiring humanistic discipline under present circumstances, we may still turn with profit to that permanent model of the critic and humanist, Socrates. Do not dream of an impossible return to the past, Socrates said in substance. Do not, on the other hand, become a votary of the god Whirl. Retain the disciplinary virtues, but put them on a positive and critical basis. Conduct thus founded is plainly something higher than obedience to a mere set of traditional taboos. But that this putting of conduct on a positive and critical basis is not an altogether easy task we may infer from the fact that Greece failed to achieve it. As a whole, the Greeks chose to follow not their honest thinkers, but their demagogues and sophists, and so were swept, as the Romans were to be later, towards the abyss of a decadent imperialism.

The task of breaking with convention—that is, with the organized common-sense of the community in which one lives—is indeed formidable. One is justified in opposing to this common-sense not mere individual impulse, one's private sense, but only, if I may so express myself, a commoner sense. The bohemian retorts that, having got rid of convention, he does not propose to submit the free play of his imagination to anything so philistine as common-sense. But the good sense which, according to Bossuet, is the master of human life is not mere philistine good sense, but the inspired and imaginative good sense that one actually finds in the great poets and the sages. The opposition between imagination and common-sense is one of the most vicious assumptions of the modern movement. Granting, then, that the traditional distinctions between right and wrong can be discarded only in favor of still more valid distinctions, it follows that a right use of the critical spirit is supremely important in ages that have broken with the past like ours, or like the period of Greece with which I have been comparing it. Wordsworth warns us against the "false secondary power by which we multiply distinctions." On the contrary, we must at a time like this cherish that very power and multiply distinctions, if we are to be saved from error, and even madness. Right knowing does not always insure right doing, as Socrates seems to say, but it is surely an indispensable preliminary; and no better aid has ever been devised for right knowing, for putting conduct on a positive and critical basis, than the Socratic art of experimental and inductive definition. Now, as in the time of Socrates, endless confusions are arising from the vague use of general terms.

VII.

I myself have been trying in this article to discriminate Socratically, that is, practically and concretely, between two general terms that are often confounded—humanitarian and humanist.* On this distinction depends the definition of many other general terms; for example, of the term idealist, which is coming in popular usage to be synonymous with humanitarian. The humanist would say that even the most sincere of our contemporary "idealists," under cover of working a great good, the elevating of society, are in danger of working a still greater evil—the undermining, namely, of the individual's sense of responsibility and spiritual self-reliance. The "idealist," for example, who succeeds in convincing a working-girl that her chastity depends on whether she receives six or eight dollars a week is encouraging her in so far to fall away from common sense and common decency. Often the term idealist, if scrutinized Socratically, would turn out to mean not much more than meddler or busybody or downright anarchist. A suffragette who pours acid into a letter-box or mutilates a masterpiece with a meat-cleaver is convinced, whatever else she may be in doubt about, that she is an idealist. One of our college women who has taken to writing and agitating yields as the precious fruit of her education the following: "An I. W. W. is an idealist; he is so far above ordinary smug humanity that it does not catch the vision that glorifies him." At this rate, sensible and decent persons will hesitate more and more to admit that they have an "ideal" or "vision," or even a "soul." Unless a sound dialectic comes to the rescue, all the terms expressive of the higher values of human nature are in danger of being discredited. For instance, the word culture used to be avoided by many because it had about it just a suggestion of effeminacy. It is now being avoided because it has a savor of brutality. The need of an art of right defining in the case of a word that ranges in its practical implications from sweetness and light to 42-centimetre Krupps should be evident.

Take the word democracy itself. At the very sound of this word we are supposed to cease discriminating and fall into a state of vague emotional exaltation. Yet what is valuable in democracy can be saved only by the utmost keenness of discrimination. We are being told that a remedy for war will be found in more democracy. If by more democracy is meant a more radical democracy, the obvious reply is that radical democracy has in the past proved to be anything but a peaceful form of government. It has been at least as prone to quarrel with its neighbors as any other form, and its citizens have been peculiarly prone to quarrel with each other. As a result of these civil convulsions most experiments in democracy, ancient,

*Another misuse of the term humanist is its application by the professional philosophers to such authentic descendants of the sophists as Mr. F. C. S. Schiller.

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mediæval, and modern, have tended by stages very familiar to the student of history to pass over into imperialism. I have cited instances in this article. In fact, one of the best ways to oppose the triumph of militarism, in some form or other, is to fight democracy as the term is often understood. A democracy that would get rid of all veto powers and take popular sovereignty to mean the immediate putting into effect of the shifting will of a numerical majority simply reproduces on a larger scale the case of the individual who would get rid of the veto power in his own breast and follow impulse; except that a state can afford even less than an individual to live impulsively. The whole experience of the world teaches that the only alternative to a government by law is a government by force.

If we are, then, to arrest the imperialistic trend of our own democracy we must be law-abiding, and in order to be law-abiding under existing conditions we need, in the Socratic sense I have tried to define, to be critical. The surface showing, at any rate, would suggest the contrary: that we have remained uncritical and have at the same time neglected the critic in favor of his exact opposite, the muckraker; for, whereas the critic stimulates men to self-scrutiny, the muckraker, who is only the beautiful soul grown sour, turns them away from themselves and encourages them to point an accusing finger at nearly everybody else; he insinuates into their heads the notion that they are victims of a conspiracy, and so, like the Jacobin from whom he is descended, under cover of promoting brotherhood, engenders universal suspicion. With the help of the muckraker we are developing an almost preternatural nimbleness in dodging responsibility and shifting the burden on some other individual or some other class of the community. An unfriendly observer might say that the American programme is for men to live individually in a universe with the lid off, and at the same time gratify their "idealism" by multiplying enactments for the regulation of other people. We are thus gradually falling into a legalism more monstrous than that of the Jesuits. It is estimated that 62,014 laws were passed by our national and State Legislatures in the period 1909-1914. Moreover, this multiplication of laws seems to have been attended by a decrease in the law-abiding spirit. For example, homicides have increased during the past twenty-five years at a rate out of all proportion to our increase in population. It would not be easy to give proof that Americans are cultivating their critical faculties at all, outside of the demands of business. Statistics show that fewer books are published in this country in proportion to its population than in any other civilized country of the world, not excepting Russia, Spain, and Portugal. At the same time we are, more than any other people of the globe, readers of magazines and newspapers, most of them almost incredibly trashy. Measured by its success in establishing habits of sound reading and reflection, our whole educational system sometimes strikes one as an immense whir of machinery in the void. Here again the root of the difficulty may be that we have allowed ourselves to be lured away from the plain principles of common-sense by the humanitarians.

VIII.

I am, however, expressing more discouragement about the American situation than I really feel. In spite of the unfavorable indications I have mentioned, and others that might be mentioned, there is probably more chance of a genuine cosmopolitanism, that is, a genuinely human point of view, being worked out in this country than in Europe. The European drift towards an acrid and intolerant nationalism is likely to receive fresh impetus from the present war, and the almost inexpiable hatreds it will leave behind it. If we succeed in working out the sounder type of internationalism that is the great desideratum of the time, I have tried to show that we shall have to rest it not on traditional, but on positive and critical, foundations, and that this will involve in turn a choice between the two methods of becoming human proposed by the humanitarian and the humanist, a choice so momentous that it may determine our whole destiny. The divergence is radical between those who tell us that our prime concern should be to raise the general level of society by philanthropic endeavor and those who tell us that we should make sure first that our society has leaders who have imposed upon their impulses the yoke of the human law, and so have become moderate and sensible and decent. In the last analysis, what a man owes to society is not his philanthropy, but a good example; and he can set this example only by practicing the virtues in due proportion, and not, like many of our rich men, trying to make ten per cent. of the virtues serve as a substitute for the other ninety. Christianity, before its present humanitarian perversion, showed the force of a right example in solving the problem that now concerns us, in promoting peace. "My peace I give unto you." Humanism is at one with religion in asserting that a doctrine that professes peace must show its efficacy, first of all, by establishing peace in the breast of the individual. To suppose that men who are filled individually with every manner of restlessness, maddened by the lust of power and speed, votaries of the god Whirl, will live at peace either with themselves or with others, is the vainest of chimeras. Whatever degree of peace is ever achieved in international relations in particular will be due to the fact that the responsible leaders in the countries concerned are not mere imperialistic expansionists, but, whether as a result of religious or humanistic discipline, have submitted vital impulse to a no less vital control; there will then be hope that they may get within hailing distance of one another, even hope that they may subordinate to some extent the private interests of their respective states to the larger interests of civilization.

Recent Volumes of Verse

New Poems by Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Songs from the Clay. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

The Free Spirit. By Henry Bryan Binns. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50 net.

Creation: Post-Impressionist Poems. By Horace Holley. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 75 cents.

The Shoes of Happiness. By Edwin Markham. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20.

A Quest for Song. By John Kendrick Bangs. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1 net.

Selections from Catullus. Translated by Mary Stewart. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1 net.

Rhymes of Little Folk. By Burges Johnson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1 net.

At the dispersal of the Browning Collections in the regrettable sale of May, 1913, twelve new poems of Robert Browning were unearthed. To this nucleus, seventeen poems of recent discovery and dispersed publication have been added, and six "new" poems of questionable newness by Mrs. Browning complete the tale of verse. Append a few deferential but searching criticisms of Miss Barrett on parts of Browning's technique, a handful of explanations from his own pen, a preface of unnecessary length from the eccentric pen of Sir Frederick Kenyon, and plenty of technical head-notes which seem to shake out upon the printed page the dust heaped by time upon the manuscripts, and the evocation of a volume is complete.

Such a volume has no doubt specifiable uses. Those who find the outgivings of the author of "The Ring and the Book" too parsimonious may replenish their collections with twenty-seven poems of real or approximate novelty. Some of these have undoubted merit, notably the unfinished "Æschylus' Soliloquy," a poem of that serenely vital class which suits Browning's genius so much better than his reproduction in verse of the symptoms of St. Vitus's dance. Readers whose position is on the door-mat—if not actually at the keyhole—of celebrities will find entertainment in Browning's unbendings and in Mrs. Browning's "Epistle to a Canary" and apostrophe to Robert Lytton. "Leila" and the "Enchantress" may suggest to students the Byronic and Shelleyan tincture of the, as it would seem, protracted adolescence of Mrs. Browning. The prose, also, has its uses.

This list of merits, however, cannot reconcile me to the publication of this makeshift and nondescript volume. The silent inclusion of the better material in later editions of the "Works" would have met every scholarly and æsthetic need, and the silent exclusion of the fooleries and drolleries would have bespoken a truer reverence than this meticulous hoarding of the

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parings of the deity's finger-nails. Here, for instance, is an exhibition of rhymestership:

Hang your kickshaws and your made-dishes
Give me bread and cheese and radishes—
Even stalish bread and baddish cheese.

The insertion of these grotesqueries can be justified only on a principle which would permit or prescribe the publication of every scrap of writing which the nonage or the dotage or the clownage of a great writer may have chosen to bring forth. Now a principle is self-condemned when its thorough application to extended material would be obviously insupportable. Apart from private letters, which constitute a separate category, I see no rational middle ground between printing everything discoverable and printing nothing which the author did not will to publish. There is the judicious friend, to be sure, but behind him looms the injudicious friend who receives the discarded manuscript and reverses the cautious decision.

"Songs from the Clay" may be classified as subtly infantine. The cooings of Blake, of which these verses occasionally remind us, never struck me as his happiest endeavors, and the labored simplicity of Mr. Stephens calls to mind that "cottage with a double coach-house" which provoked the sarcasm of Coleridge. There are happy promises, lovely beginnings, captivating terminations, but there is no assured and stable merit; the charm hovers without alighting. There is hardly a proper name in the book, and the fact is indicative of something floating and anchorless, vagabond and fortuitous, in the intellectual tissue of the volume. Mr. Stephens, moreover, has an imperial disdain for grammar, and almost favors cacophony. He writes:

But I didn't listen to him,
For he didn't sing to me.

He is happiest, on the whole, in his descriptions of landscape, in which he abandons his childish treble and adds to precision of touch a dreamy undernote of romantic melancholy:

The drowsy sun trod slowly to his rest;
He gathered all his dusty gold again
Away with him;
He only left a dim
Red color on the sky, a ruddy stain,
Scarce to be seen upon the quiet west.
So evening came, and darkness, and the sound
Of moving feet upon the whispering ground.

I think Mr. Binns was tactically ill-advised when he appended a didactic prose thesis to a series of poems whose fault was an overcharge of didacticism. It is one thing to taste the salt of philosophy or ethics in a draught from Castaly, and quite another to feel one's spoon grate against the saline incrustations in the bottom of the glass. His philosophy, though elevated and largely convincing, is bloodless to a degree that disconcerts us in a man whose constitution seems the reverse of anæmic. In Mr. Binns's poetical horticulture good seeds are deposited in good soil, but one has a sense that the planting is belated. The fruits do not mature normally and evenly; the apple is half ripe, half raw. He has a fine seventeenth-century raciness in the "Scolding Squirrel," and the wildwood is half elfish, half sacramental, in the intimately suggestive "Beechwood in March." His mainstay, however, is the sonnet, ubiquitous in his work, often sadly botched, but sometimes expressing weighty thought in that prehensile, elastic prosody which our own day stamps upon this form of verse. I quote from "Ultimate Act":

I had rather cut man's purpose deeper than
Achieving it be crowned a conqueror:
To will divinely is to accomplish more
Than a mere deed: it fills anew the wan
Aspect of life with blood; it draws upon
Sources beyond the common reach and lore
Of mortals, to replenish at its core
The God-impassioned energy of man.
And herewith all the worlds of deed and thought
Quicken again with meaning—pulse and thrill
With Deity—that had forgot His touch.
There is not any act avails so much
As this invisible wedding of the will
With Life—yea, though it seem to accomplish
naught.

The absence of rhyme in Mr. Holley's post-impressionist "Creation" transforms the verse into pulp, and the substance is correspondingly floating and formless; it is emotion in its solitude and its nakedness, detached from event, circumstance, sometimes almost from a sentient ego. In classic poetry we have the bare, sharply defined planet; in romantic verse the planet is embosomed in an atmosphere which it has evolved and emitted; in post-impressionism the atmosphere has dissolved the planet. Mr. Holley's facile and lapsing verse shows finish of a kind, and he is sometimes happy in his analogies. He appears to advantage in the following:

I drain it, then,
Wine o' the sun, sun-bright,
And give it fuller life within my blood,
A conscious life of richer thought and joy
And yet—
That, too, will perish soon like withered leaves
Athirst for an ultimate sun
Upon the soul's horizon.
Come down, O God, even to me,
And drain my being as I drank the grape,
That I, this moment's perfect thing,
Live so forever.

The "Critical Opinions" at the back of Mr. Markham's "Shoes of Happiness" might well intimidate the skeptical or adverse critics. It is no vulgar journalist who has countersigned his passports to fame, if not to immortality: it is William James, it is E. C. Stedman, it is W. D. Howells. A man so fortunate in his endorsements can afford to smile at the plain declaration of a humble reviewer that he has found very little in this volume of poems to deserve the attention of serious readers. The signs of an upright and generous spirit are manifold; but the literary values are few, and reside chiefly in certain happily conceived and effectively condensed religious comparisons. "Anchored to the Infinite" is perhaps the most notable example.

Mr. Bangs's verses on the opening of the Temple of Brotherhood in Boston are correctly described in the title "A *Quest* for Song" (the italics are mine). It is only just to add that there are even better things than poetical skill—patriotism, for instance, and human brotherly feeling—for which Mr. Bangs has no occasion to search.

In her translations from Catullus, Mary Stewart has happily illustrated the theory of free, sympathetic, genuinely poetical reproduction which she has explained and defended in a valuable preface.

Mr. Johnson's "Rhymes of Little Folk" excels most of its class in the absence of the side-glance at adults which qualifies the sincerity and limits the success of many attempts to make children real to children. There is nothing squint-eyed or round-eyed or deep-eyed in Mr. Johnson's wholesome little realists. They are greedy and peppery and bullying like their elders, but everything is excused by the obviously exploratory function it subserves in the conduct of that long reconnaissance called childhood.

O. W. Firkins.

Notes from the Capital

MR. SPEAKER.

If there is one man in the United States who, at the bottom of his heart, believes that he knows what moved Bryan to resign, it is probably Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives; and, if he were to give tongue frankly to his faith, it would explain the incident as grounded in a hope of breaking down Wilson. It would be as easy to picture Carrie Nation signing a testimonial for a whiskey advertisement as to conceive of Clark giving Bryan public credit for sincerity. This was not always so. Before their collision at the Baltimore Convention of 1912, Bryan had no warmer friend. But Clark is as good a hater as he is a politician, if this is not putting it too mildly. It is not so much what a man does that turns Clark against him, as the way he does it; and, though he cannot be accused of enthusiasm for Wilson, he bears no individual grudge against the President, and may be trusted to deal generously with the larger policies of the Administration, as in the case of the Shipping bill, where he held his nose with one hand while beating the drum for recruits with the other. For Bryan, however, his hostility is unmeasured, and will last until the Judgment Day.

He used to like and admire Theodore Roosevelt, in spite of their partisan differences, pronouncing him a strong man with mistaken opinions; but when he heard a younger member of the ex-President's family quoted at Baltimore as saying that "Father is praying for Clark," he resented the implication, so that thenceforward the strong man became a "mountebank," to be relegated to the same limbo of contempt with the "pestiferous" Mann and the "lunatic" Hobson. The late Thomas B. Reed, on the other hand, still remains one of his heroes, in the same spirit in which the memory of a saint who really deserves canonization commands the reverence of the open-minded Protestant.

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Clark can hardly be classed among the leaders of his party, though unquestionably one of its most notable figureheads. He might almost be considered a survival from that old-fashioned school of Democrats typified in the public affairs of the East by Horatio Seymour and of the Middle West by Thomas A. Hendricks. There are Missourians who will go on voting for Clark long after he is dead, and the more you study him the easier it is to understand his popularity among his neighbors. His personality as a whole is distinctly pleasant, with not very much dignity and no elegance whatever. His smooth-shaven face is round and expansive, with certain elements of reserved strength, like the characteristic "portrait of a statesman" in the early seventies; bland of expression when the fires of anger are not kindled behind it, and equipped with features abounding in gentle curves. His hair is as indeterminate as Jefferson's after it had begun to turn with years. I suppose his eyes would be classified as gray, though they do not make such an impression upon the observer as would stamp any of their qualities upon the memory. His powerful but loosely articulated frame takes a half-indolent swing as he walks, so that the utter stranger would feel no hesitancy in approaching him.

The same atmosphere pervades his speech, which has the quaint inflections and slurring enunciation that give point to the homeliest illustrative anecdote he uses on the hustings, and make him a favorite as an orator at general gatherings. His unusual mode of speaking to or of an adversary occasionally has transgressed the parliamentary canons, as when, years ago, he warned Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, one of his peskiest interrupters in a House debate, to "keep his mouth shut." Anon, it goes down in history embalmed in an epigram like his response to some Republican's allusion to President McKinley as the "advance agent of prosperity": "That advance agent has got so far ahead of his show as to be useless further for advertising purposes."

It is amusing to note one coincidence in the careers of Clark and the Speaker he was elected to supplant which seems to put them equally in the insurgent category. "Uncle Joe" Cannon began life as a Quaker, and was solemnly read out of that communion because he insisted on marrying a girl of another; Clark was brought up in the Campbellite congregation, and was expelled for dancing, in disregard of an admonition from the elders. Cannon had a fight on his hands as a consequence of his dereliction, and carried it through; but Clark circumvented his irate elders by strategy, refusing to confess that he had done anything wicked, yet attending the next meeting and standing up when the minister called for those sinners who desired to join the church. He knew that they could not afford to turn the cold shoulder to an applicant for the means of grace; so back he went in spite of his sinful fling.

The name "Champ," which excites so many inquiries from the uninitiated, has proved a great political asset for Clark. Like most of the good things of life he enjoys, he gave it to himself. His parents christened him James Beauchamp Clark; but in the back country Beauchamp was too much of a mouthful, and Jim Clark, as his associates would surely call him, was not distinctive enough for a lad with ambitions. So he chopped off the first half of his four-syllabled name, and as Champ he was admitted to the bar, married, and took office. Once in a while somebody who thinks to curry favor with him by a resort to the ornamentals resuscitates the "James Beau" in addressing him, and then the air turns blue. "One of the first things I learned as a law student," says the Speaker, "was that a man has as good a right to change his name as to have his hair cut!"

VIEILLARD.

Book Notes and Byways

"ULENSPIEGEL."

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, May 30.

Owlglass is his English name. But its Low German original is familiar enough to readers of Ben Jonson. Face, that consummate sharper and accomplice of Jonson's Alchemist, is introduced to their credulous victim, Sir Epicure Mammon, under the name of Ulenspiegel. "Jonson," says Professor Herford, "was the most finished adept of all his contemporaries in the irony of dramatic nomenclature, and he has given no better proof of it than in making one of the most cautious and crafty charlatans in literature conceal his identity from his most credulous victim under the name of a world-famous rogue."

A rogue he was, and one of the coarsest that ever lived. Practical jokes were his forte, and simple citizens, tradespeople, and craftsmen were his dupes. He had not that reclaiming trait of the mediæval robber-knight who never chose his victims among the women and the poor. He brutalized unsuspecting landladies, and had his joke with blind pilgrims and with the helpless sick in hospital.

But the miracle which Subtle the Alchemist could not perform on the base metal of Sir Epicure Mammon, literature has worked for Ulenspiegel: it has turned the base alloy of his chapbook life to pure gold of fiction. The rogue's wanderings far beyond the bounds of his Low-Saxon home were equalled by those of his printed story: Holland, Flanders, France, and England retold his merry jests, and in Flanders it was that Ulenspiegel the rogue was transformed into Ulenspiegel the hero.

In 1867 Charles de Coster published "The Legend of Ulenspiegel and Lamme Goedzak," illustrated by nineteen contemporary Belgian artists. In this powerful work the Low-Saxon fool appears as the personification of the Flemish mind, the "Volksseele." Ever young and immortal, he goes through the world and never has a fixed abode. He is peasant, nobleman, artist, sculptor, all in one. As such he wanders through the fields and along the roadside, praising the good and the beautiful, and laughing and mocking at what is foolish and wrong. Klaas and Soetkin, his parents, are the courage of the brave toilers of Flanders; his sweetheart Nele is the heart, and Lamme Goedzak, the Sancho Panza of this Flemish Quixote, is the embodiment of the Fleming's appetite and *joie de vivre*. The allegory is no encumbrance to the tale. For the narrative, written in an impassioned style, is vivid with historic realism. This son of Flanders, this Flanders incarnate, is to test his unconquerable spirit in the struggle against tyranny over body and soul, the tyranny of the Spanish rule and the Roman Catholic Church. For de Coster's book is a pageant of those days which, up to a year ago, were reckoned to be the most terrible of Flemish history: the revolt of Flanders against Spain quelled in blood by the Duke of Alva. This tyranny, which finds its great antagonist in Ulenspiegel, is allegorized in the person of King Philip II of Spain, and the contrast between the two clashing nationalities, Spanish and Flemish, is cleverly drawn in the parallel life stories of Philip, the morose and cruel fanatic, and Ulenspiegel, the freedom-loving wanderer of the fields. The King sends his tax-gatherers and his inquisitors to the wealthy Flemings; requisition, extortion, confiscation impoverish the land; the rack and the gallows decimate the people. Klaas, the brave worker of Flanders, is burnt at the stake, and Ulenspiegel gathers his father's ashes and carries them in a little bag on his chest. "The ashes of Klaas beat at my heart"; those words are ever on his lips to stir him to action. He becomes an agent of that glorious Prince William of Orange, and wanders from town to town, in various disguises, sometimes playing the pranks of his former Low-Saxon self, but never relinquishing his task: to stir up his people to revolt against the tyrant. And when the great war begins at sea, he joins the fleet of the Gueux. In Motley's history of this period it is recorded how Flanders, less fortunate than her sisters in the north, the seven United Provinces, was struck down by the oppressor and had again to bend under his yoke. Ulenspiegel, the spirit of Flanders, however, is not to be vanquished. He is safe in Zeeland, where the Spaniard has lost footing. When one day the village priest and the verger find him fast asleep by the side of the road, with Nele, who fears he is dead, weeping over his body, they bury him and read the prayers of the dead over his grave. But suddenly the fresh-filled grave is shaken and Ulenspiegel risen from the dead is heard saying:

"Would you bury Ulenspiegel the spirit and Nele the heart of Flanders? No, Flanders may sleep but will never die. Come, Nele." And he went with her and sang his song, but no one knows where he will sing his last.

This apotheosis of Flanders was written in French. De Coster, the great lover of the Flemish genius, does not seem to have known his native language well enough to write in it. He was born at Munich, on August 20, 1827, where his father was intendant to Count Charles Mercy d'Argenteau, Archbishop of Tyrus, who was his godfather. The Archbishop's palace was the child's first home, until his father left Munich for Brussels. It was there that he received his education. He disappointed his people by refusing to take holy orders. A literary career was what he sought. He left the University without a doctor's degree and took up journalism. The Archbishop's ward had, by this time, grown a confirmed freethinker, hating all spiritual control. In 1856 he gave "Les frères de la bonne trogne," a Brabant legend; in 1857 "Légendes Flamandes et Wallonnes"; in 1861 "Contes Brabançonnes." The year 1867, in which "Ulenspiegel" appeared, was the culminating point of his career. But the success of his pen did not bring him affluence. He struggled against poverty, and when, ten years before his death, he received a Govern-

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ment appointment, his creditors seized his salary, and he died their prey on May 7, 1879.

But, like Ulenspiegel, he may sleep, but he will never die. His greatest work has received a new and awful meaning since his immortal hero has again to face oppression and destruction. A German publisher has been struck by the applicability of the story to recent events, and has brought out a translation which is advertised on the cover in the following terms:

"Diese Meisterschöpfung aus wiedergewonnenen deutschen Landen ist durch die Eroberung Belgiens das Buch der Gegenwart geworden. Eines jener Bücher wie sie einem Menschen, einem Lande nur einmal geschenkt werden."

Poor Charles de Coster. How sadly you are misunderstood by these conquerors of reclaimed German lands. But Ulenspiegel lives, and the ashes of Klaas beat on his heart.

Correspondence

THE QUESTION OF GERMANY'S CURRENCY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read with considerable interest the article in your last issue with regard to the question whether depreciation of the German currency is indicated by the abnormally low exchange rate. It seems to me that your writer has not brought forward any argument to sustain his view that the low exchange rate does indicate depreciation; the facts which he cites do not show any necessary connection, as the value of a nation's currency is dependent on one thing, the market value of exchange on another.

The German Government has wisely taken effective steps to discourage exporting of gold and dealing in gold as a commodity. This will insure that Germany's supply of gold will be maintained without danger of speculative appreciation of its value, which would lead to inevitable drafts on the Government's gold supply. Prohibiting speculation will permit gold to move easily in normal channels and will make it easier for the Government to control its own supply. It is very easy to see that these conditions will tend to prevent depreciation of the currency, because the currency is a promise to pay in gold; with a known and stable supply of gold always within easy reach, there must result confidence in the Government's promise to pay in gold. All students of finance must commend the farsighted statesmanship which has so simply and effectively solved a problem which other Governments have allowed to go unsolved with disastrous results.

All of the foregoing has no connection with exchange or exchange rates necessarily. The depreciation of the currency would not itself affect the exchange rate either one way or the other. The prohibition of the export of gold could operate to lower the exchange rate, but not because of any connection with the Imperial currency. The exchange rate on Germany is fixed by persons outside of Germany who deal in debts due from German business houses and banks. In other words, dealing in exchange is dealing in demand liabilities of individuals or corporations that are merely domiciled in Germany; the Government itself is not in any way concerned; indeed, the debts may be due from those who are not even citizens of the Empire. A bank in America can sell exchange on Germany provided it holds a claim against some bank or business house there. Supposing that the bank holds such a claim, its next desire may be to convert the claim into American cash. The price which it asks will be dependent entirely upon its eagerness to procure the cash. The bank's market for disposing of this claim will be those business houses which owe bills due to German merchants. The bank will be aware that the only German money it could use directly would be gold, and that there is no possibility of obtaining that. The general feeling of American banks is apt to be, therefore, that the chances of prompt conversion of their claims into cash are not good, and this same opinion will be held by American firms which have sold goods on credit to German houses.

Exchange thus is seen to be purely a matter of bargain and sale, and is subject to the laws of supply and demand. It must, of course, be understood that German gold may reach the American bank without being exported from Germany. Before the war started, the German merchants had built up a vast trade all over the world, South America, Africa, and the neutral countries of Europe. These credits can, therefore, be drawn against in favor of American banks. All of these factors have been taken into account in fixing the present price of exchange. It is quite evident, however, that Germany is not now a large exporter, and that her power to produce her own necessities is decreasing, necessitating larger imports.

In time these imports must exceed the exports. With her credits abroad wiped out, and with expenses exceeding receipts, the time must approach when the German merchants will be unable to pay for what they buy from us, because they must either pay in gold or draw against their customers in favor of their creditors. In such a situation, should it arise, there would be a large supply of German exchange with no demand except a speculative one. Of course, upon restoration of normal conditions, the exchange bought at 81, say, would rise to 95, and the speculator would reap a profit.

Such a condition exists now in the English exchange market. It is possible to buy sterling exchange at $4.81 and obtain gold pounds worth in America $4.8665, and some money has been made by such speculation. The difficulty and risk of actually getting the gold from England to America, however, does not make the small margin especially attractive. The margin on German exchange, however, is unusually large, and indications certainly point to a still lower level, though the speculative feature may tend to keep it up.

J. H. M.

Washington, April 23.

[We suggest that our correspondent read the article again. To answer his contentions in detail, it would be necessary to reprint it. One or two assumptions in the above letter require notice, however, because of the singular confusion of economic ideas which they reflect. If prohibition of gold export, or of a premium on gold, is something which "all students of finance must commend," because it will "insure that Germany's supply of gold will be maintained" without "speculative appreciation of its value," then the financing of the assignats by the French National Assembly in 1793 must have been the perfection of financial statesmanship. If depreciation of the currency does not "affect the exchange rate either one way or the other," then the conclusions of the classic "Bullion Report" on the British foreign exchanges in 1809 is a tissue of absurdities. If the German Government's policy is designed to "permit gold to move easily in normal channels," it is odd that the recent printed circular of the Berlin Ministry of the Interior to the citizens of Germany should have declared that "the gold belongs to the Reichsbank," and that "every citizen should change his gold into paper"—redemption of that paper in gold having been suspended. Mr. Andrew D. White, in his careful historical monograph on "Fiat Money Inflation in France," remarks of the very similar chapter of events and arguments at Paris, in 1791, that "the most curious thing evolved out of all this chaos was a *new system of political economy*."—Ed. The Nation.]

WILLIAM ROBERT WARE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To Prof. William Robert Ware, who died at his home in Milton, Mass., on Wednesday, June 9, in his eighty-fourth year, the profession of architecture in the United States owes an incalculable debt, which those who have grown gray in the practice appreciate as the younger generation of architects cannot. For the older men among us have memories reaching back to a time when our art and our profession were struggling for public recognition under conditions inconceivable to our younger colleagues; and we know how fundamental and how far-reaching in its influence was the part played by Professor Ware in lifting architecture out of the slough and setting it upon the road of intellectual and artistic progress.

He was the organizer of the first American school of architecture—that of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1866—and later of the school of Columbia University (1881), and was for thirty-nine years the most conspicuous and widely known of all educators in this field. He was one of the first and most persistent agitators for the reform of architectural competitions, and conducted, or was adviser for, a greater number of these than any other architect, especially during the period 1880-1900. In these labors he contributed not only to the reform of the procedure and conduct of competitions, but also to the education of architects and public alike in those ethical-professional principles the disregard of which has given rise to so many notorious scandals. On one or two occasions his open-hearted trust in the fundamental honesty of mankind was imposed upon, to his infinite surprise and grief; but in general he was eminently successful, and it is safe to say that it was he who laid the foundations on which the American Institute of Architects has built up its efficient regulation of competition-practice. Called upon repeatedly as consultant in important architectural enterprises, he always exerted his influence for the support and enhancement of the highest standards, while

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his extensive correspondence with an extraordinarily wide circle of acquaintances among architects provided another channel, invisible to the public, for the exertion and extension of this influence. Professor Ware was one of the earliest members of the Institute of Architects, which he joined as Associate in 1859, becoming a Fellow in 1864, and through this connection, as well as through the two schools of which he was the organizer and head, he came to know nearly every noted architect in the country.

In the actual work of architectural design and practice, his contribution was secondary to his educational and personal activities; one instinctively thinks first, in this field, of such names as Richard M. Hunt, H. H. Richardson, and Charles F. McKim, who exerted a tremendous influence on the progress of architectural design in America directly through their works and offices. Most of Professor Ware's work as a designer, in partnership with the late Henry Van Brunt, was done between 1865 and 1880, before the modern movement in American architecture was fully under way. It was as an educator that his greatest work was accomplished. To him, more than to any other man, are due the form and direction which the professional training of architects has taken in this country. This is not to disparage the labors and influence of other great teachers and agencies; but Professor Ware was the pioneer, and first at the great school in Boston from 1866 to 1880, and then at Columbia from 1881 to 1903, he organized schools, framed curricula, and formulated principles and ideals which, in whole or in part, in essence or in detail, have afforded models which nearly all other American schools have been glad to follow.

In all these labors he stood always for the highest standards of liberal education, believing that the architect should be trained to think as well as to draw, to design with the mind as well as with eye and hand, to have ideas as well as express them; to be acquainted with the great monuments, ideals, and men of the past and the forces and movements which produced them, as well as with the latest products of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. He was a sturdy believer in American architecture as destined to stand on its own feet and follow its own path, assimilating without servile imitation what was best in modern European ideas, as well as in the great historic past of the art. He himself represented the fine flower of New England culture; he was the son of a distinguished Unitarian divine, was educated at Harvard (College and Lawrence Scientific School), studied his profession under Richard M. Hunt, travelled extensively, was long a member and the active secretary of the Archæological Institute of America, was an omnivorous reader, and an intellectual inspiration to all who came in contact with him.

To the great host of his former pupils and associates Professor Ware's memory will undoubtedly be chiefly precious by reason of this broadly sympathetic personality. He was less a pedagogue than an inspirer of men. His lectures were often rambling and discursive; they were never reduced to writing and followed no carefully prepared syllabus. But they were full of suggestion, mind-openers, breaking windows, as it were, in the walls of his subject, through which the student glimpsed other and wider fields of knowledge. Philosophy, ethics, religion, literature, history, educational theory, in these and many other subjects he awakened new interest, and many a student has him to thank for revealing a world about him to whose beauty and majesty he would otherwise have been blind while treading the humdrum path of professional routine.

Professor Ware was never married. The great stores of affection of his tender and unselfish heart found their outlet in friendships of a peculiarly warm and devoted character, not only with men of his own generation, but also with young men, whether his pupils or junior associates, to whom he was a father, a brother, a counsellor, a comforter, and a welcome companion. To all this host his death has come as a personal affliction, an irreparable loss. It is not likely that there will ever arise another to occupy a position precisely like his, to do a work like his, or to leave behind him in the profession a memory so fragrant, or the record of a life and career endeared to so many as the record and memory of this strong but most gentle, pure, and lovable personality.

A. D. F. Hamlin.

Columbia University, June 16.

JAMES GALLATIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your issue of April 15 has been brought to my notice, containing a review of "A Great Peace Maker."

James Gallatin, the "Diarist," acted as his father's secretary from the age of sixteen for eleven years. He returned to America with his parents, and lived with them until their death in 1849. His mother died in May and his father in August of that year. Immediately on his return to America in 1827 he embraced a business career, and at his father's death succeeded him as president of the Gallatin National Bank, New York. This post he held until the early sixties. He returned abroad in 1865 to undertake the bringing up and education of my brother and myself—the children of his only son who died in Geneva in 1859.

He was never an idle man, but did his duty and was loved and esteemed by all.

In justice to his memory, I beg you will publish this letter.

Count de Gallatin.

London, May 31.

[The reviewer of "A Great Peace Maker" writes that he was careful to make inquiries as to whether this James Gallatin, author of the diary, was identical with the New York banker of the same name who was prominent at the beginning of the Civil War. From two sources which he took to be authoritative, he was informed that the banker and the author must be different persons. We regret that the review failed to pay tribute to the usefulness of James Gallatin's later career.—Ed. The Nation.]

"LORD" COKE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is by no means necessary to apologize for the inadvertence of referring to "Lord" Coke. If Coke never became a lord, as Mr. Calkins says, he became at all events a lord chief justice, and you are not the first to slip by easy transition from Lord Chief Justice Coke to Lord Coke.

I have before me an old book of "Reminiscences," by Charles Butler, an eminent real-property lawyer of the latter end of the eighteenth century, and a cultivated man of letters as well. In a chapter on Lord Mansfield the reminiscent says:

"In a conversation, which he permitted a student to have with him, he expressed himself in terms of great esteem for Littleton; but spoke of Lord Coke, particularly of 'his attempting to give a reason for everything' (this was his phrase) with disrespect."

Again, in another chapter, he uses the correct and what we may perhaps call the colloquial title of the great jurist indifferently. Thus he says:

"Lord Bacon objected to Sir Edward Coke, that, in his writings, he did not sufficiently distinguish between decided points of law and his own legal conclusions. For this observation, also, there is ground; but the character of Sir Edward Coke is now so high as to give to his opinions the weight and authority of judicial decision. . . .

"Of the foreign writers on law, whose works have fallen under the eye of the reminiscent, those who have appeared to him to resemble Lord Coke most, and to approach nearest to him in depth of learning and profound thought, are Du Moulin and Lord Stair; the latter has the additional merit of arrangement."

R. W. Shannon.

Regina, Sask., April 26.

Literature

A DILETTANTE MEDIÆVALIST.

The German Emperor as Shown in His Public Utterances. By Christian Gauss. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Professor Gauss has been well inspired to detach from the formidable and dreary mass of the Kaiser's speeches the more significant utterances. He has made the selection well, and has accompanied it with a running commentary explaining the circumstances of each speech, introducing as well the entire matter by an illuminating study of the Hohenzollern tradition. The upshot is something like a portraiture of that complex personality which combines with the pride of a mediæval monarch the velleities of a modern dilettante.

A dilettante who is firmly convinced of his divine right is a formidable apparition on a modern throne. Only five years ago the Kaiser, at Königsberg, recalled the fact that his grandfather regarded himself as ruling "by the will of God alone, and not by Parliament or by any assemblage of the people or by popular vote." The Kaiser solemnly adopted this view, adding towards the end of his speech: "Looking upon myself as the instrument of the Lord, without regard for daily opinions and intentions, I go my way, which is devoted solely and alone to the welfare and peaceful development of the Fatherland."

That a Prussian King by divine right should forget that he is, after all, Emperor

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of Germany by constitutional warrant, is but natural. There is small mention of the Constitution in these speeches. Absolutism expresses itself also in the constant description of political opposition as treason. He repeatedly reminds his troops that they may be asked to fire on their parents. He stigmatizes the largest political party in Germany, the Social-Democrats, as enemies. With difficulty he was restrained from something like proscription. In recent years he has declared it monstrous that a Prussian noble should vote against the royal policy. Ten years after his own accession he assumed the function of history and christened his grandfather William the Great.

Gradually the idea of world power fixed itself in the Imperial mind. It first expressed itself clearly in the address at Kiel in July, 1900, on the launching of the Wittelsbach: "The wave-beat of the ocean knocks at the door of our people and forces it to demand its place in the world as a great nation"—drives it on, in short, to world politics. The wresting of the concession of Kiao-chau from helpless China is qualified as securing "a place in the sun." The world-political idea develops, when at Tangier the Kaiser declares himself the champion of the Sultan, as previously, at Damascus, of all Islam.

Oddly enough, the sentiments of the Kaiser are as volatile as they are extreme. The speech at Damascus followed closely on touching allocutions to the holy sites of Palestine. The Kaiser is the successor both of the crusaders and of Saladin. He congratulates President Kruger after the Jameson raid, then voluntarily provides his own discouraged grandmother, Queen Victoria, with a plan of campaign against Kruger, then cheerfully discloses the fact to an English journalist.

An absolutist without moderation, he is a dilettante without taste. He plans the Sieges-Allee; remarks that his favorite sculptors have equalled the glories of the Renaissance; observes that upon strangers the effect of the work is "overwhelming," never imagining in what sense. He arrogates to Germany universal priority in scientific discovery. He greatly exalts mediocre writers of patriotic tendency, fearlessly rebukes world-famous higher critics. Thus he tries to shape his Germany to be "the rock of granite upon which our Lord can build and complete his work of culture in the world."

Taking his case as humanely as possible, he is as much a victim as an offender. Before him lay the impossible task of assimilating to a wholly mediæval ethics and politics (an essentially barbaric heredity) the complexity of modern civilization. His concessions to civilization are at once his personal merit and his official weakness. Even the Armageddon he has evoked will not set him historically beside those colossal figures from the sagas, the old Kaiser and Bismarck. There has been about him always something of a Mr. Facing Both Ways. Yet in this he has been the symbol of a land that has tarnished its former glories of humanistic order through the cult of a dehumanized efficiency. His more grotesque divagations into literature and general criticism merely illustrate the general plight of intellectual Germany. Excess of method, with paucity of ideas, has resulted in the most graceless dilettantism the world has ever seen. Unhappy is that land whose ruling and representative figure is an absolutist without moderation and a dilettante without taste.

Some such mosaic portrait as this emerges from Professor Gauss's skilful compilation. The evidence is doubly significant because it is presented by one who by blood and tradition is a fine representative of the Germany that was loved and esteemed as far as taste and intelligence reigned.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Far Country. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Since he emerged from his early crude phase, Mr. Churchill has become more and more clearly a novelist of purpose. Born with the knack of story-telling, he has made steady advance in the practice of story-telling as an art. But his real desire is not to be an entertainer, or even an artist; he aspires to become a lay preacher, even a minor prophet. He deeply wishes to be of service as an interpreter of modern American life, and goes about his business with increasing earnestness. Unhappily, there is always risk that the creative worker upon whom the mantle of earnestness has fallen will cease to be an interpreter, in the act of becoming a prophet. Mr. Churchill shows an increasing interest in types and tendencies at the expense of true action and characterization. Action was the leading element in his earliest group of novels, and later gave way to the painting of character; up to "A Modern Chronicle" there was a steady advance in power and skill of portrayal. As for special "problems" in modern life, they were still kept in their place as side issues. Even "Mr. Crewe's Career," with its underlying gravity, hardly transcends the mood of good-humored satire.

With "The Inside of the Cup" Mr. Churchill deliberately mounted the rostrum. He found and held, or at least roused, a large and miscellaneous and more or less muddled audience with a presentation of one of the most difficult and complicated problems our generation has to face. Never mind what the problem was—we need not let ourselves in for it again here. The point is that what Mr. Churchill offered was a discussion rather than anything else. His reward was that he received, by implication, the brevet of the Mrs. Humphry Ward of America. This was not going in precisely the direction upon which Mr. Churchill had set out. Even as a discussion, "The Inside of the Cup" was not altogether happy, since its logic, or the character of its exhibits, was a little "mixed." If a novelist tells his tale spontaneously, as Providence leads or the devil drives; if it stands on its own feet, which are not the tripod of logic; if, above all, it concerns people of flesh and blood, of heart and soul—if these prime wants are met, we can forgive the story-teller for his theories as easily as we can admire him for them. Robert Elsmere and the companions and adversaries of his religious progress were, after all, persons we could not help believing in. On the other hand, Mr. Churchill's Hodder was a man of straw, and the lady built for him but little more lifelike than an effigy in a shop-window. The truth is, his theme oppressed rather than inspired him, dulled his novelist's vision of things human, things being and happening, and set in its place an earnest but ineffectual desire to handle a problem.

And the disabilities of the theme reacted upon the style: in contrast with its immediate forerunners, "The Inside of the Cup" is heavy-handed. Where was the crisp humor of "Mr. Crewe," the romantic humor of "A Modern Chronicle"? Swamped, snowed under, done for by the need of being impressive. The novelist, the investigator rather, had worked with a frown on his brow: his job was no joking matter. We were to look upon it with set faces.

This is almost equally true of "A Far Country." Here again our earnest author has set out to interpret types and tendencies of the time, and has been unable to get beyond his exhibits. A natural comparison with "Mr. Crewe's Career" suggests itself. There, if you like, was a problem to be handled, and a problem which *was* handled as a novelist fairly might—with energy, but on the whole with a light touch. Mr. Crewe himself is a figure of humor. The problem, moreover, was the same as that which Mr. Churchill now tackles in a different way—that of politico-commercial corruption in a democracy. Old Hilary Vane will be recalled as counsel and chief go-between for the great railway which controls the politics of his State. Hilary is converted at the eleventh hour to the honorable and unbusinesslike principles of his son Austen; and we are to understand that the political regeneration of the State is only a matter of time.

The story of "A Far Country" is the autobiography of a sort of enlightened Hilary, who, after much tasting of the fleshpots of corrupt power, at last sees the error of his ways and sets it down as a warning to others. Hugh Paret is, like Hilary Vane, a lawyer who becomes the tool of a railway. His own father has been a member of the bar, but a man of unyielding principle. Hugh early turns his steps towards "success." At Harvard he learns the gospel of worldliness. The man he admires most at home is a brilliant corporation lawyer, Theodore Watling. Into his office Hugh goes after admission to the bar of his native State. As his father has left him an independence, no sordid pressure is responsible for his subsequent course. He simply craves power, and his conscience is not sufficiently awake to assure him that the power of Watling and his kind is deeply corrupt. Wat-

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ling has his own theories. He believes that America—that is, "prosperity"—can be made safe only by the government of the capable few; and that so long as crude laws prevent the few from ruling openly, they must use what methods they may. This is for many years Hugh Paret's own creed.

He becomes, therefore, a hard and clever corporation counsel, lobbyist, juggler with the technicalities of the law. From his brain springs more than one scheme for crushing a business rival, or pushing through a piece of corrupt legislation. He is Watling's right-hand man and in time his successor.

Meantime his private life is not altogether happy. The unworldly woman he has married cannot be a companion for his ambitions. Their children do not strongly attract him. His relations to an old friend are transmuted by passion. The upshot of it all is that at the moment when he has come to the verge of such dishonor in private and public life as not even his portable standards may comfortably endure —he is converted! The agency of his conversion is one Krebs, whom Hugh has known slightly at Harvard—a poor student who has worked his way to the bar for the sake of opposing such injustice as Hugh stands for. Repeatedly they have found themselves adversaries. It is always Hugh who wins the material victory, and Krebs who wins the moral one. His theory of government, as Paret sees, is not so much different from Watling's as bigger. He believes that the true spirit of democracy is "acquiescence to developed leadership made responsible." The real issue is that of honorable means. The culminating incident brings Krebs on the stump for the last time, physically stricken, but full of moral power and (the combination makes him the most striking figure in the book) of commonsense. Hugh Paret seeks him out to warn him that an attempt is about to be made by Paret's own associates to put Krebs "out of the way." The outcome is an interview in which Paret is made to see that Krebs is the big man, and that his own "success" is hollow and rotten. Therefore he leaves politics, the law, everything he has lived for, and betakes himself to his neglected and nearly estranged wife and children with the determination to devote himself to them. "My mistakes, my failures," he confesses handsomely, if somewhat pompously, "have brought us to the edge of a precipice. We must prevent, if we can, those mistakes and failures for them. The remedy for unhappy marriages, for all mistaken, selfish, and artificial relationships, in life, is a preventive one. My plan is that we try to educate ourselves together, take advantage of the accruing knowledge that is helping men and women to cope with the problems, to think straight. We can then teach our children to think straight, to avoid the pitfalls into which we have fallen."

Now, this is all very well in essence, but does Hugh Paret (in a moment of emotional reunion), speaking to his wife, fancy himself lecturing before a woman's club? This is a fair sample of his style, and as he is the story-teller, we have quite enough of it in the course of five hundred pages.

It may be the way a Hugh Paret talks, but if so, deliver us from Hugh Parets. There is not a gleam of humor to relieve the dronings of that long-winded and rather dull person.

Such a performance as this is worthy of a good citizen and a thoughtful man: we cannot think it worthy of the novelist, the literary artist, who, up to "Mr. Crewe's Career" and "A Modern Chronicle," seemed to be marching so steadily and surely towards achievement of a very high order.

MILTON'S MYSTICISM.

Milton and Jakob Boehme. By Margaret Lewis Bailey. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

This dissertation is the first of a series of monographs on Germanic literature and culture, under the editorship of Prof. Julius Goebel, of the University of Illinois. The series begins well. It is not too much to say that this first book is an important contribution to the study of mysticism in literature, a study which of late has gathered great headway. It is also an important contribution to our knowledge of the literary relations between Germany and England in the seventeenth century. That it is a contribution to our knowledge of Milton is less certain.

The thesis of the book is that mysticism had a wide vogue in English thought towards the middle of the seventeenth century; that Boehme became a very important figure in this intellectual movement; that Milton was in contact with a number of men under Boehme's influence, and therefore was presumably acquainted with his works, and that the influence of Boehme can be traced in an increasing inwardness in Milton's philosophy, and in specific passages of his writings. The spread of mysticism in England during Milton's lifetime has, of course, been recorded to some extent in all competent histories, but the subject is difficult, and even the best treatments of it heretofore have been vague and unsatisfying. Miss Bailey has advanced us far towards a real knowledge of what happened during the years when German mysticism was taking root in England. Her third chapter, dealing with Boehme in England, is the most tangible account we have seen of this elusive but very important migration. The men who carried to England copies of Boehme's work, and those who spread his ideas by translation or otherwise, are more clearly studied here than in any other book. This fact alone would make Miss Bailey's work notable.

In the latter part of her thesis, however —that is, in the doctrine that Boehme influenced Milton—Miss Bailey is less fortunate. Milton did know Samuel Hartlib and others, who, as this book shows, were saturated with Boehme's philosophy; and Milton did, as this book contends and as we have long known, shift or intensify his religious position as he grew older, becoming more individualistic and independent, and trusting more and more to the guidance of the inner light. But Miss Bailey would probably not say that Milton ever became a thorough mystic; he only acquired, in her opinion, certain attitudes and ideas of mysticism. We cannot help wondering why, without some external evidence, these attitudes and ideas must be ascribed to Boehme. The ideas of mysticism, however varied in statement, are implicit in the mystic attitude, and once he had taken this attitude, Milton was capable of thinking out the ideas for himself. Or if literary antecedents must be found, why could he not have learned the mystic ideas from those other persons and from those religious bodies which, as Miss Bailey shows ably, had promulgated various forms of mysticism in England? It seems that a strong case has been made out for some relation between Milton and German mysticism, but as yet no case at all for a particular relation between Milton and Boehme. There is high probability but no historical evidence that Milton knew Boehme's work. We follow Miss Bailey without difficulty when she asks, "Is it possible that Milton heard no mention of Boehme, not among his German friends who shared Boehme's progressive ideas, nor among his religious friends whose doctrines were supported by Boehme's teachings, nor among his political friends in whose army Boehme was read?" (p. 135). It is possible, but not probable, and we should expect that the illuminating suggestion of this book might some day result in positive knowledge of an influence by Boehme on Milton. But the knowledge is not yet at hand, and we therefore cannot follow Miss Bailey when, in her next sentence, she assumes the desired conclusion: "Through his connection with the academy spirit of his time, with the movement of Independency and of religious toleration, Milton was being unconsciously led to an interest in Boehme, whose writings he might have come across in English or German any time after 1644" (p. 136).

Of course Miss Bailey does not intend to assume her conclusion. In chapter v she submits certain parallels between passages in Boehme and passages in "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Christian Doctrine," and on this evidence she rests her whole argument that Boehme, rather than other mystics, influenced Milton. The literary parallel, as scholarship knows too well, is effective only when used with restraint and discretion. Miss Bailey, unfortunately, has fallen into the pit that yawns for parallel-makers; she has paralleled too much. When not carried away by the zest for parallels, she would never assert that astrology, or the tradition of it, began with Boehme; yet in trying to establish a relation between Boehme and Milton she says (p. 156): "Both writers had faith in decided influence of the stars upon all life." When she escapes this pitfall, Miss Bailey sometimes ascribes to Boehme ideas which were well known in English lit-

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erature before Boehme began to write. "Milton agrees with Boehme," she says (p. 158), "that 'heaven and hell are within man,'" and she cites several passages, omitting the most famous, Satan's lines (P.L., iv, 75-80), beginning "Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell." This idea, of course, occurs in two well-known speeches of Mephistopheles, in Marlowe's "Faustus," a play that was acted when Boehme was fourteen or fifteen years old. Since "Faustus" was acted in Germany by an English company in 1608, a desperate parallel might be framed to show that Boehme got the idea from Marlowe.

The other parallels are similarly inconclusive, since the ideas they turn on seem not to be peculiar to Boehme. But even by this method Miss Bailey might have made a better case if she had been more familiar with Milton, and if she had avoided one unlucky contradiction of herself. In her introduction, she says of Boehme's theory of evil (p. 28), "Good and evil, heaven and hell, are to be looked upon as opposed possibilities within the soul. . . . The possible good and evil latent in God, and therefore in the human soul, become actual only when the soul in its primal freedom chooses the one or the other." Yet in the chapter of parallels, Miss Bailey says (p. 148), "Both Boehme and Milton believe that evil is not in God and is not willed by God." She ought to have written, "evil is latent in God, but is not willed by God." In this doctrine Milton does coincide with Boehme. For example, when Eve, still innocent, is troubled by the evil dream, Adam, still innocent, says "Evil into the mind of God or man may come and go, so unapproved" (P.L., v. 117, 118). This passage Miss Bailey does not mention. Unless the idea can be shown to be peculiar to Boehme and Milton, the parallel would, of course, establish nothing, but the coincidence is at least more profound than the others cited.

In spite of these defects of argument and —we must think—defects of knowledge so far as Milton is concerned, this book points the way to a profitable field for research in the literature of the seventeenth century, and contributes important results in that field.

THE COAL INDUSTRY.

The Anthracite Coal Combination in the United States. With some Account of the Early Development of the Anthracite Industry. By Eliot Jones. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $1.50.

A considerable body of literature on the anthracite coal industry existed before the appearance of this book. Apart from accounts in general and local histories, and the more or less technical reports by geologists, there were the excellent descriptions of social conditions by Peter Roberts, and several good economic articles and monographs on special aspects of the industry. There was still lacking, however, an adequate study of the capitalistic development of the industry, in all its length and breadth, based on the facts scattered through many volumes of public documents and railway reports, and embodying the evidence which resulted from the recent investigations and lawsuits of the Federal Government. The author undertook this study under the direction of Professor Ripley, of Harvard; and his work, to which the Wells Prize was awarded, appears now in the series of Harvard Economic Studies. The book is scholarly, well constructed, and supplied with abundant illustrative material. It is a model doctor's thesis, and, more than that, it is a substantial contribution to the general subject of industrial combination.

As early as 1834 the Pennsylvania Legislature appointed a commission to investigate the coal trade, with a view to ascertaining the effect of incorporated companies with mining and trading privileges on the progress of the business; and the Packer report of that year was an earnest protest against "the grand evil" of conferring on mining companies the control of transportation lines. The Pennsylvania Constitution of 1874 provided that "no incorporated company doing the business of a common carrier shall, directly or indirectly, prosecute or engage in mining or manufacturing articles for transportation over its works"; but meanwhile the railways had made enormous purchases of coal lands, spurred on by the reckless example of the Reading, and continued this policy after 1874, in spite of Constitutional and legislative prohibitions. Each railway was determined to control sufficient coal land to safeguard its traffic in the present and future; the logic of competition forced it to this course.

The same logic led to combination of the roads among themselves. The process began in 1873, and continued with varying but on the whole imperfect results until 1898. Since that last date combination has been not partial and sporadic, but permanently effective over the whole field. Actual consolidation, common ownership of stock, and interlocking directorates brought the railways together, while at the same time the independent operators were practically eliminated, either by direct purchase or by perpetual contracts. A certain economy has resulted from the combination, for it has steadied production, and has enabled the anthracite companies to avoid the waste incident to the fitful bursts of active and of slack operation in the preceding period. The chief gain, however, has come not from lower costs, but from higher prices. The author provides interesting statistical material to show that the burden of the higher wage payments following the coal strikes has been shifted to the shoulders of the consumer, and that the anthracite owners have added an extra toll for the increase of their profits. Of the price paid by the consumer, say, $6.75, over one-fourth goes to the retailer, about one-third to the miner, and the remainder to the companies for legitimate expenses and for profit.

The conditions of the anthracite industry facilitate monopoly. The product serves a primary need of the consumer; and though substitutes for it are, of course, available, they are unsuited to the heating appliances which have been installed everywhere in the Northeastern States, and which represent in the aggregate a great amount of fixed capital that the owner is naturally unwilling to discard. The preference for anthracite is based in part on reasonable considerations of convenience, but has now hardened into a habit which makes the demand of the consumer insistent and inelastic. The people want hard coal, and, for all their grumbling, they pay the higher price rather than go without it. The narrow bounds of the anthracite district have concentrated the interests of operators and capitalists. Shrewd and energetic men have framed a combination which can forego the usual legal basis, which offers to the prying agents of the law no documentary evidence of its existence, and which yet works as would an individual monopolist, smoothly and effectively. The author describes in his last chapter the vain attempts of the Government, proceeding under the Hepburn and the Sherman Acts, to break up the combination; and closes with the intimation, far from comforting, that under natural conditions so favorable to monopoly, Government ownership may be the only solution of the problem.

RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN INDIA.

Modern Religious Movements in India. By J. N. Farquhar. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

It is a remarkable fact that with all the books we possess on the Religions of India the one now under review should be the first to give a really adequate idea of the almost universal quickening of the old faiths that is so striking a feature in the India of today. The truth is that nearly all the serious writers on Indian religions belong to one of two classes: they are either Sanskritists or missionaries. And perhaps it is only natural that their interests should be so centred on the origins of the Rig Veda, or the latest triumphs of some Protestant denomination, that they should quite neglect to mention the remarkable revival of the various "heathen" religions in modern India.

Mr. Farquhar's interests are not thus limited. He is, indeed, something of a Sanskritist and very much of a missionary, but he finds the movements within the native religions also worth writing about. And it would be hard to find a man better equipped for the work. He has spent over sixteen years as a professor in a missionary college, and as literary secretary to the Y. M. C. A. in India; and his scholarly abilities and close acquaintance with all the religions of India are known to every reader of his admirable "Primer of Hinduism" and "Crown of Hinduism." Moreover, he has made use of his opportunities to travel more than once over all parts of the peninsula and to become personally acquainted with the leaders of most of the Indian religious move-

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ments. As a result he has given us a book which the Germans would call *bahnbrechend*. For the literature of the new movement (so far as there is any) is scattered in various obscure sources—mostly in native periodicals and pamphlets; while for many of the new tendencies there is hardly any literature at all.

To opportunity, interest, and scholarship Mr. Farquhar adds the still more important qualification of just judgment. The facts of the various movements are presented coolly and without criticism and allowed to speak for themselves. One may feel, indeed, that the presentation of the story is by an outsider, and decidedly from the outside. It is the work of a scholarly and just missionary, who never forgets that the non-Christian religions are very inferior to his own. At times, in fact, one wonders whether he has really appreciated the Indian conceptions with which he deals. Thus he tells us that Ramakrishna's "idea of God seems crude and thin to a Christian." Ramakrishna's idea of God was lacking in the moral qualities of the Christian conception, and perhaps in certain others; but to call it crude and thin is a peculiarly ill-chosen characterization. Yet in spite of a slight and possibly inevitable missionary bias, Mr. Farquhar is remarkably fair, and at times even genuinely sympathetic—especially so when dealing with Indian "nationalism." While deprecating the violence which certain enthusiasts made use of during Lord Curzon's administration, he recognizes that English lack of tact in dealing with "natives" has been a large factor in Indian unrest, and the nationalist aspirations of the Indian he hails as healthy signs of desirable progress.

It would, of course, be impossible, in the limits of this review, to give even a fair account of the contents of Mr. Farquhar's book, covering, as it does, nearly sixty different religious and social movements. His treatment is remarkably full, but it is odd that in so exhaustive an account of Indian reforms our author should have omitted a movement of such importance as the Hindu Marriage Reform League, with its ninety-eight branches scattered all over India. It must be said, however, that few important efforts at revival or reform have escaped Mr. Farquhar's notice. He has arranged them under five heads, the nature of which is indicated by the chapter titles: Movements Favoring Serious Reform, 1828-1913; Reform Checked by Defence of the Old Faiths, 1870-1913; Full Defence of the Old Religions, 1870-1913; Religious Nationalism, 1895-1913; Social Reform and Service, 1828-1913. This arrangement is logical and clear, but it makes the work into a kind of encyclopædia rather than a book to be read. The arrangement of the material and the nature of the material itself result necessarily in considerable discontinuity, and the discussions of the various reforms follow one another abruptly, with little continuity of influence or of interest. Nevertheless, the arrangement has its advantages in facility of reference, and if one regards the book as an encyclopædia, no other system would have been so appropriate.

Yet the book should be read through to get the full effect of the picture. Those who have considered India a land of decadent superstitions will learn that it is also a land of conferences and congresses, of periodicals and discussions, of religious revivals and social reforms. Not one Indian in a hundred thousand knows anything of the Rig Veda, and "native Christians" constitute but a little over one per cent. of the population; but the land is seething with religious interest of a very real sort.

The causes of these reforming movements are, according to our author, to be found in the activities of the British Government and the Christian missionary; and in his final chapter, The Significance of the Movements, he indicates his belief that they are signs of the decay of the old faiths and the ultimate triumph of Christianity. He does not, indeed, make much of this view; and perhaps it is well that he does not, for the reader might naturally draw a different conclusion from the facts presented. The reforming movements certainly owe a great deal not only to the influx of Christian ideas, but also to the flood of modern thought which a partly Western education has brought to India's leaders. And the facts of Hindu, Moslem, Parsee, Sikh, and Jaina revival and reform would seem to indicate that there may be more life in the old stocks than the missionary books hitherto have led us to believe.

Notes

"Penelope's Postscripts," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, will be published in August by Houghton Mifflin Co.

J. B. Lippincott Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "Aeroplanes and Dirigibles," by Frederick A. Talbot.

We welcome the first issue of the *International Military Digest*, "a monthly review of the current literature of military science," which appeared on June 15. The editors of the new periodical are Lieut.-Col. E. R. Stuart and Col. C. deW. Willcox, of West Point, and its purpose is to present a monthly digest of literature dealing with military science published in various periodicals throughout the world.

You need but a glance at the first lines of Prof. Gilbert Murray's "Alcestis" (Oxford University Press), with the Greek before you, to see that the manner of translation is the same as in the other plays. When Euripides says "slew," Sir Gilbert writes "to death had hurled"; "my son Asclepios" becomes "my son, Asclepios, Healer of the World," etc. It is easy for the scholar to take exception to these liberties, but, as a matter of fact, it is impossible (at least, it has hitherto proved impossible) to reproduce in English anything like the effect of the Greek tragedies without deliberately making the style more figurative and without generally keying up, so to speak, the pitch. Naturally, when Sir Gilbert comes to the choruses, he allows himself even greater freedom with the text, and though, of course, his knowledge in this field is always supreme, he certainly lays himself open at times to the charge of heightening the tone to a point which comes perilously near betraying his author. This is particularly the case when the note of modernity in Euripides, always strong enough in itself, is intensified. Sir Gilbert is a first-rate Greek scholar; he does not always, either in his poetry or his prose, think as a Greek. But he is always a master of English verse, and his renderings of Euripides are a triumph of ingenuity, sometimes of positive genius. The "Alcestis," with its mingling of the grave and the gay, is specially suited to his hand, and has turned out in its present dress an extraordinarily lifelike and lively drama.

Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, cherishes the memory of a glassmaking Colonial, Baron Stiegel. Legend tells of his eccentricities and extravagances. The piety of modern times holds annually, at Mannheim, where his factory was, a Feast of Roses in his memory. Such is the legend that Frederick William Hunter, in the handsome volume, "Stiegel Glass" (Houghton Mifflin; $10 net), has investigated with scientific accuracy. Naturally some abatement of the legend results from Mr. Hunter's discovery and sifting of actual documents. For example, the only documentary proof that Stiegel was ever a baron is the doggerel couplet on certain stoves which he cast at Elizabeth Furnace:

Baron Stiegel ist der Mann
Der die Oefen giessen kann.

Evidently Baron was merely a nickname. It was an appropriate one for the man. Born at Cologne in 1729, moving to Pennsylvania in his twenty-first year, Henry William Stiegel promptly married an iron founder's daughter and began a sensational career as a manufacturer. By his twenty-sixth year he had taken over Elizabeth Furnace, his father-in-law's property, with two partners. Characteristically he soon quarrelled with them, and began to extend his activities. From records and excavations on the spot, Mr. Hunter proves that Stiegel began making glass at Elizabeth Furnace as early as 1763. The next year he went to England, probably to plan for the famous flint-glass works which were soon to rise at Mannheim. The first factory ran about four years, and closed down in 1769 in financial difficulties. Undeterred by his bad luck, Stiegel was already building on a larger scale, and adding to his coarser product colored, cut, and enamelled glass in great variety. For the time he advertised freely. His agents in Philadelphia and New York urged the purchase of Stiegel glass as a patriotic duty. Boston, however, would only buy his excellent product when represented as imported. Visions of fortune hovered before the Baron. His progresses from and to Mannheim were made with four horses preceded by outriders and a pack of hounds. Yet the Glass House never really paid. The Baron was careless about details, a ready borrower, a bad bookkeeper. As early as 1773 he sought the desperate expedient of a lottery to keep Mannhein afloat. In August of 1774 Mannheim was advertised by the Sheriff of Lancaster County for debts approximating £11,000. The bubble had burst. The Baron sojourned for a time in debtors' prison. An ejaculation in his book of devotions shows that, like most adventurers of his sanguine temperament, his conscience was good. He ignores his own recklessness and merely invokes the Lord against his enemies.

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To follow the sinking fortunes of the Baron is unnecessary. As an employee at his old Elizabeth Furnace, he helped cast cannon-balls for Washington. He is enrolled in the militia, but apparently never fought. In the last ten years he moved several times, living as a dependent. In 1779 he sold the two faithful slaves who had long served him. There is a tradition that he taught school. In 1785, in his fifty-sixth year, he died, and nobody took the pains to mark his grave. It is odd that our earliest type of the speculative manufacturer should have been a German. Stiegel, in his energy, unbounded hopefulness, lack of method, and waiver of ordinary prudence, is the spiritual father of millions of subsequent promoters. His interest, like theirs, is not in the tedium of execution, but in the glories of conception. There is something of the artist in the type. Stiegel does not seem to have invented much, but at least he tried to put his product on the level of the best that Europe then made. Mr. Hunter has spared no pains in identifying the Mannheim pieces. He gives reproductions of no less than 158, with eight separate color plates. While the book is a model of exhaustive research, its cautious antiquarianism is enlivened by wit and humor. It is indispensable to collectors of Colonial American glass, and it is equally interesting as local history and biography. The buckram-clad octavo is beautifully made at the Riverside Press, the edition limited to 420 copies.

The reviewer of Joseph J. Reilly's "James Russell Lowell as a Critic" (Putnam) is likely to feel that not many other readers besides himself will find profit in going through some two hundred pages and more of minute analysis of Lowell's critical writings from every conceivable point of view. It is indeed something too much; Mr. Reilly might have got his results in a third of the space. The results themselves are interesting, if not precisely novel. One starts the volume expecting to find continued laudation of Lowell; one does actually find almost the opposite. Quite the best of Mr. Reilly's chapters is that which he entitles Penetration. After quoting keen judgments from Lowell on Rousseau and Carlyle, he continues:

> And again: "The radical vice of his [Thoreau's] theory of life was that he confounded physical with spiritual remoteness from men." There is penetration here. Each statement, one expects, will be used as a basis on which far-reaching explanations can be made. . . . Such points have their place; but their place is subsidiary. If the radical vice of Thoreau's theory of life were his confounding of physical with spiritual remoteness from men, why is this vice not considered as radical and made to explain his idiosyncrasies? Why should Thoreau make such a mistake and how came he to persist in it? Has it any bearing on his work? What connection has it with his egotism, with his sentimentalism? To accuse Thoreau of morbid self-consciousness, of unhealthiness of mind, of lack of humor, is to hide the flash of penetration in a mass of cloud.

The ring of that last phrase might almost delude one into thinking one was reading Lowell on Lowell; and, besides being clever, it is a true exposition of the final weakness and inadequacy of Lowell's critical essays. We are not carried much further when Mr. Reilly concentrates his various condemnations of Lowell into the phrase "lack of philosophical depth." It is hard to disprove these depreciatory conclusions, but it would be possible to invalidate them somewhat by insisting more on Lowell's great qualities of gusto and taste. After all, Lowell is a critic whom we still read and enjoy, and he has in his hand one of the sure keys to literature.

President Eliot's "The Road Toward Peace" (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net) is a collection of addresses and newspaper letters by the president emeritus of Harvard. These cover a period from 1907 to yesterday. Throughout there is a refreshing freedom from ready-made idealistic formulas. At a time when the peace propaganda was in a hopelessly verbal stage, and compulsory arbitration by fiat of The Hague was actually regarded as a practical measure, President Eliot reiteratedly pointed the need of putting force behind the peace proposals in the shape of an international police. This capacity to keep his feet on the solid ground of common-sense and human experience gives distinction and weight to these discussions. In the entire work there is hardly an ill-considered opinion or a datum lightly accepted. In discussing the present war he goes straight to leading principles. The general moderation of the style gives double potency to such verdicts as:

> The new doctrine of military necessity affronts all law, and is completely and hopelessly barbarous.
>
> [The German] is not a freeman in the French, English, or American sense, and he prefers not to be.
>
> The real cause of the war is this gradually developed barbaric state of the German mind and will.

Psychologically, an interesting feature of the book is a correspondence between President Eliot and the banker-philanthropist, Jacob H. Schiff. Mr. Schiff begins the debate by maintaining the simple thesis that the war is so horrible that it must immediately be stopped. From this position he never varies through many letters. How it shall be stopped, under what guarantees to conquered Belgium and invaded France, Mr. Schiff never inquires. His mind is too full of the horror of the war. President Eliot, with inflexible suavity, moves precisely these essential issues. He declines to be drawn into the frequent confusion of identifying the incontestable horror of war with its wrongfulness. He wants the war to stop only when a righteous settlement shall have been assured. Very instructive is the contrast between President Eliot's broad and humane Americanism and the singularly narrow and unilateral humanitarianism of his correspondent.

"The Military Annals of Greece," by William L. Snyder (Boston: Badger; $3 net), is a thoroughly worthless production. It is an uncritical paraphrase of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Plutarch. Each of its two volumes is full of contradictions, useless repetitions, errors of fact and typography, absurdities of judgment and comparison. The last word on Biblical chronology—to which events occurring in Greece in early times are related somewhat as in the writings of Josephus—was apparently said by Archbishop Usher in 1650. The title is misleading. Mr. Snyder has nothing particular to say about Greek war or warfare. There is no evidence that he has even heard of the standard books on that subject. But any other title would be also misleading.

In "Williams College and Foreign Missions" (Pilgrim Press), Prof. John H. Hewitt has given a series of biographical sketches of all the graduates of Williams College who have entered the mission field, including also notices of a few other Williams men, like Mark Hopkins, who, though not actually missionaries, were closely connected with the missionary enterprise. As the book consists only of these short biographies, arranged in the order in which their subjects graduated from college, it is plainly intended for reference rather than for continuous reading. Naturally its chief appeal will be to alumni of Williams; but it contains much information of value to all who are interested in Christian missions. And even the "general reader" will find a good deal to repay his attention, particularly in the picture it gives of the American student of a century ago. Few books bring out more clearly the change in religious expression and activity that has taken place in the last hundred years. When we read of Gordon Hall, of the class of 1808, becoming "hopefully pious," and of his classmate Mills so uncertain whether the mercy of God included him that he cried out to his mother, "O, that I had never been born! For two years I have been sorry that God ever made me"—when we read of things like these, we note that something has happened to the American undergraduate since the days of the Hay Stack Prayermeeting. And yet the same spirit of Christian helpfulness that led Hall, 1808, to India, called Fowle, 1908, to Turkey, and was the inspiration of the remaining 125 Williams men whose devoted lives fill the pages of Professor Hewitt's book.

A notable contribution to the understanding of Pauline religious ideas is made by C. G. Montefiore in his "Judaism and St. Paul" (Dutton; $1.25), which is a discussion of the Apostle's attitude towards the Judaism of his time. Mr. Montefiore is peculiarly fitted to discuss this question. While loyal to his ancestral faith (as is natural in a great-nephew of Sir Moses Montefiore), he is of all living Jews the most sympathetic with Christianity and its founder. He has urged on his fellow-religionists the study of the life and teaching of Jesus; he has published a work on the Synoptic Gospels; he has written much on Paul, and is well acquainted with Rabbinic ideas. His contention is that Paul did not understand the better Jewish thought of his time—he was brought up in Tarsus, a Hellenized city, and was himself somewhat Hellenized. The fact is, says Mr. Montefiore, that enlightened Jews in the first century of our era did not depend for salvation on their works—they felt under obligation to obey their Law, which they believed to be divinely given, but in the last resort their trust was in the mercy of God; they loved the Law and were happy in obeying it, but they felt themselves to be sinful and approached the Deity with confession and with repentance. For the Apostle's genius, sincerity, and devotion Montefiore has nothing but admiration, and he agrees with him that a mere reliance on works for salvation is futile, but he finds in the Jewish literature of the time abundant recognition of the necessity of divine grace. He differs from Paul in that he does not recognize the need of a mediator between man and God or of a supernatural act of regeneration. His description of Liberal Judaism, while it represents a very broad and finely hospitable thought, gives, doubtless, the general point of view of the body of liberal-minded Jews of the present day, many

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of whom are quite in accord with the ideas of the Sermon on the Mount. Our author's study of Paul's experience and thought is well worth the attention of all who are interested in the beginnings of Christianity.

The approach of the year 1917, bringing the four hundredth anniversary of the posting of Luther's Ninety-five Theses, is calling renewed attention to the person and the work of the great Reformer. A sign of this renewal of interest is the publication of the first of ten proposed volumes of translations from Luther's writings, "Works of Martin Luther, with Introductions and Notes" (Philadelphia: A. J. Holman Co.; $2 net). In a brief and modest Introduction the editor-in-chief, Prof. Henry Eyster Jacobs, sets forth the plan and purpose of the undertaking. The actual work of translation is in the hands of a group of Lutheran clergymen so stationed that they can meet frequently for comparison and revision. Each translation is to be made by one of the group and then submitted to all the rest. We are assured that the utmost frankness and freedom of criticism have been expected and actually employed, so that the result may fairly be taken to represent the combined learning and judgment of the whole group. In the selection of material two main purposes have been kept in mind: to choose, first, such treatises as have most permanent value in themselves, and, secondly, such as serve to bring out most fully the personality and influence of their author. Each selection is preceded by a short critical introduction. In the preparation of these, the services of specially qualified scholars have often been called in. In this volume, for instance, only two out of the eight introductions are by the translators themselves. The writings here given are taken from the years 1517 to 1520. They include the Ninety-five Theses together with the three accompanying letters to the Pope, to Albert of Mainz, and to Staupitz, the Augustinian Vicar in Luther's district. Then follow in order treatises on "Baptism and Confession," the "Address of Consolation for the Elector Frederic of Saxony," treatises on "Good Works" and on "The New Testament," and finally the treatise on "The Papacy," an aftermath of the Leipzig Disputation of 1517. The volume is completed by a good index and a list of Scriptural references. If the standard of this first instalment shall be maintained, students of the Reformation may look forward to a valuable addition to their resources.

The author of "The Press and Poetry of Modern Persia" (Putnam; $3 net), Prof. Edward E. Browne, is the foremost English authority on Persian literary history, and he has had the advantage of basing his translation partly on the manuscript work of a native Persian scholar, Muhammad Ali Khan of Tabriz. The result is interesting because of the record it gives of the noteworthy striving for a renaissance, reflected in the Persian press, with "alternating phases of hopes and despair during the last eight years (1905-1913)." For Americans there is a special interest in the appreciation shown by the Persian press and poets for the endeavors of W. Morgan Shuster to rehabilitate the financial condition of Iran so that the country might once again have restored to it some of the pristine glory of the Land of the Lion and the Sun. A half of the book, translated from Ali Khan's treatise, deals with the newspapers and the Persian output in journalism during the years mentioned, while the heart of the country was stirred with a hope of a *Persia rediviva*. In the second part are given in the original text, with translation, specimens of the political and patriotic poetry of the land to-day. There is the enthusiasm of true patriotism in such a poem as "What'll I Do?" which tends to prove that the lyric quality, even though it may have become elegiac, has not been lost in Persia. To any one interested in cartoons, there is much to be learned from the reproductions of illustrations that have appeared in Persian newspapers in the past decade; there are also photographs of editors and poets. The modern historian will be grateful for an appendix on the Chronology of the Persian Revolution, printed at the end, while throughout the volume thanks are rightly given to the British Consul Rabino, formerly of Persia, and now active in Morocco, for contributing material so well collected in this important book.

Residents of the East, to whom the Far West is inaccessible, remote, and unknown, would profit by such an example of Western progress as is afforded by the report lately issued by the Board of Park Commissioners of Spokane. That vigorous young city, first settled in 1872 and incorporated in 1881, now has a population of over 120,000; it is reached by seven transcontinental railways, is the centre of fourteen local lines, and has 137 miles of street railways. It owns 1,934 acres of public parks, improved and unimproved, including a good number of well-distributed and supervised playgrounds. The Park Commissioners are, under the new charter of 1910, an independent body, not subject to the control of the city administration. A comprehensive plan of development, prepared by expert landscape architects, has been adopted, and in 1912 city bonds to the amount of $889,000 became available for the park fund. Since 1907 the Park Department has spent over $1,430,000. "Stop off at Spokane" is good advice for all visitors to San Francisco this summer; and while stopping, a drive through the parkways will be a revelation of what a young city can do in a fine situation.

It is a pity that American publishers do not get expert judgment on the work of amateurs before offering the public the kind of stuff amateurs produce. We appreciate at its full value the virtuous intent of Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed in her "Hinduism in Europe and America" (Putnam; $1.25 net). This amiable lady, who has written several readable books on Oriental subjects, of which she has a fair knowledge at second hand, seeks in the present volume to furnish American women "with some scientific data" concerning the doctrines, priests, and heathen temples "built with the money of American women" and even now "rearing their brazen domes in some of our cities." Mrs. Reed believes that our countrywomen are being exploited and debauched by Hindu fakirs. We sympathize with any one who would save serious-minded women from becoming the victims of error, yet we cannot admit that a book full of errors is likely to serve the cause of truth. The sapient Hindu will probably ask how one can trust an author who says of the Code of Manu that "about twenty volumes of this enormous work are still in existence"; gives the birth-date of Buddha as "about the beginning of the fifth century B. C." and cites extraordinary passages verbatim from "an English author" and "another writer." Even our sympathy flags as we read, till we conclude with thinking that if any American women are fools enough to become the dupes Mrs. Reed represents them as being, they deserve their fate. All the same, it is true that the Hindu priests of the occult in America are chiefly charlatans and many of them are vicious. But only empty-headed women pay any attention to them, and what difference does it make what such women believe?

"By the Waters of Egypt," by Norma Lorimer, has recently been published in a second edition (Brentano's). When the first edition (1909) appeared, written avowedly without scientific knowledge of Egyptology, and for the purpose of pointing out to beginners in Egyptian travel "what they ought to notice," its reviewer in the *Nation* (January 22, 1910) questioned whether in the abundance of books on Egypt written by "competent authorities" such a work as this would win many readers; and the fact that it has had a sufficient sale to pass into a second edition is a significant comment on the kind of pabulum that the average tourist in Egypt craves. The writer—to quote again from the *Nation*—"is a sharp-eyed traveller, who has a good memory and likes to chat about what she has seen." We may add that she likes to reflect sentimentally or sentimentalize reflectively upon it. "Luxor intoxicated me; Thebes bewildered me; all Egypt has held me in a bondage of fear; Philæ only has brought tears"—this is a specimen of the sort of personal confidences as to her own emotions which Miss Lorimer continually showers upon us, emotions which, doubtless, many can share. It is more difficult for some of us to follow her when she attributes to Shakespeare such an acquaintance with Egyptian tomb-paintings and their interpretation that she believes Portia's words,

> If the scale do turn
> But in the estimation of a hair,
> Thou diest,

to have been suggested to him by the "trial scene of the heart," that popularly adorns the walls of Egyptian tombs.

"Gnomic Poetry in Anglo-Saxon," edited with introduction, notes, and glossary by Blanche Colton Williams (Columbia University Press; $1.50), is a monograph falling into two parts: First, a general introduction to the gnomic literature of the Germanic peoples (pp. 1-81), and, secondly, a detailed consideration of the two gnomic poems in the Exeter and Cotton MSS., respectively, including a critical edition of the texts, followed by notes and glossary. In the introduction Miss Williams undertakes to trace the gnomic habit as it is revealed in Old Norse and Anglo-Saxon poetry. In the Eddas particularly she finds a store of passages which attest a fondness for sententious expression, and often supply interesting parallels to similar utterances by Anglo-Saxon poets. In dealing with Anglo-Saxon literature she has not limited herself to those shorter pieces which are definitely gnomic in character, but scrutinizes virtually the whole body of poetical texts, and extracts the bits of gnomic lore preserved in them. The results of this inquiry are distinctly useful: gnome answereth unto gnome. Moreover, the fondness for sententious utterance and

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the habit of imbedding old saws even in narrative and lyric compositions (which she amply demonstrates) serve to explain many apparent irrelevancies which have perplexed textual critics—notably in "Beowulf." Occasionally, we may note, Miss Williams digresses from her main thesis to consider more technical matters, and here she is not always fortunate. Her notes on the MSS. of Bede's "Death Song" are sadly inadequate when compared with the researches of Brotanek ("Texte und Untersuchungen zur altenglischen Literatur und Kirchengeschichte," 1913, pp. 150 ff.). And a collation of her text of the Stowe and Arundel MSS. (p. 68, note 2), with the text as printed by Brotanek (pp. 184, 187), shows a series of discrepancies which weaken the reader's confidence. Several inaccuracies are to be noted also in her reprint of the St. Gall MS. of the "Death Song," and even in the two-line Proverb (p. 70) which she transcribes from the Grein-Wülker "Bibliothek."

In the discussion of the Exeter and Cotton gnomic poems, to which the second division of the book is devoted, Miss Williams shows surprising lack of acquaintance with recent palæographical opinion concerning these manuscripts. The Exeter Book, she states, "belongs probably to the middle of the eleventh century" (p. 83). On the other hand, the editors of the New Palæographical Society date it about 950, and with this date the most recent authority, Wolfgang Keller ("Angelsächsische Palæographie," Palæstra, XLIII, p. 40), is in essential agreement. Accordingly, Miss Williams's conjecture that this famous Codex may have been prepared under the immediate supervision of Leofric becomes impossible. In the case of the Cotton MS., which she assigns to the eleventh century (p. 103), the error is less serious, though the opinion of Keller concerning this MS.—"das wohl kurz vor 1,000 auszusetzen ist" (*op. cit.*, p. 33)—should have been noted. The analysis of the structure of these poems, with the frequent citation of analogues in Old Norse, is thorough and suggestive. But in her conclusion that the Exeter gnomes were compiled by a West-Saxon, Miss Williams proceeds somewhat too summarily. She recognizes, it is true, the occurrence of a few Anglican forms in this text, but dismisses them as without significance (p. 99). But to the instances which she cites still others may be added: *ældum*, 197, 200; *geofum*, 84; *leodon* (W. S. *lidan*), 109; *wæg*, 79, and possibly *heofod*, 44, 68. The cumulative force of this evidence should tend to modify, at least, the sweeping assertion that "all signs point to West-Saxon as the home of the gnomic collector." And, whether her conclusion on this point be accepted or not, the attempt to connect the Exeter gnomes with King Alfred must surely be regarded as fanciful.

The text of the Anglo-Saxon poems which Miss Williams offers is marred here and there by errors, typographical and other. Of the former sort is *gomela* for *gomelaf* (*Ex.* 11), and perhaps also *hæle* (*Ex.* 44) for *hælo*. In the case of *lēof* (*Ex.* 86) the MS. *lof* is corrected without remark, though the reading of the MS. is recognized in the note on p. 138. Sometimes the vowel quantities are wrongly indicated, as in *lēodon* (*Ex.* 109) and *æmetian* (*Ex.* 184). In her Notes the editor offers generous measure—devoting twenty-three pages to the elucidation of 272 lines of text. But the difficulties which these short pieces of verse present justify the fulness of the Notes, and Miss Williams has not only presented a comprehensive survey of the critical comment of others, but has also added many helpful notes of her own. Reference to Toller's Supplement would have corrected the notes on *Ex.* 64b and 141b: masc. *borda* should replace fem. *borde; dæges* means "during the day," not "daily." More careful proof-reading would have saved some slips in the Glossary. Thus, for *æmetan* read *æmetan;* for *līda* read *lida;* for *sceffan* (6) read *sceafan;* for *trēowu* read *trēow*. *Fulle* (*Ex.* 91) is entered in the Glossary, and also translated in the Notes as a plural form: it is, of course, dat. singular.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

BERKELEY, Cal., June 10.

The University of California was host for the thirty-seventh annual conference of the American Library Association at Berkeley, Cal., from June 3 to June 9, at which there was a total registration of about 750, and an average attendance of 500 or more at the five general sessions. As evidence of the steady growth of the Association and its work the secretary reported more new members (543) added in 1914 than in any previous year; a total membership (3,000) greater than ever before, and gross sales of the Association's publications ($13,544.67) in excess of any previous figure. The programme for the general sessions, in charge of President Hiller C. Wellman, of the City Library Association, Springfield, Mass., emphasized two pertinent topics, "The Book" and "The True Function of the Public Library." At the opening meeting Mr. Henry W. Kent, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and formerly librarian of the Grolier Club, read a sympathetic defence (seemingly gratuitous in such company!) of the love of books, book collecting, and bibliomania, which was followed by a paper from Mr. T. M. Cleland on "The Fine Art of Printing," and a rather severe indictment, by Mr. E. R. Perry, of the Los Angeles Public Library, of the character and content of most bulletins and reports of libraries. These introductory papers formed an admirable and wholesome reminder that the book, and not the minor technical processes to which it is subjected, is the fundamental factor in all library activities.

President Wellman's address reflected a prevalent conservatism in estimating the true function of the public library. Though it did not in set terms disapprove a multitude of latter-day activities in connection with libraries (many of them rather hippodromic in character), yet the implication was obvious that exhibits and museums unrelated directly to books—games, dances, parties, fly-swatting contests, Victrola concerts, movies, and other enterprises of the kind, widely indulged in in the name of the public library—are distinctly apart from its fundamental obligation of making accessible to all the best recorded thought of mankind.

This conservatism was reinforced by Dr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, in a stimulating address which announced the conviction that the furnishing of large quantities of current and certainly ephemeral fiction was not a necessary, economical, or wholesome function of the library. Dr. Putnam, indeed, was at one with Emerson so far as concerns fiction in definitely suggesting that libraries would do well to buy no novels less than a year old.

Miss May Massee, editor of the *A. L. A. Booklist* (the Association's annotated review of current books), in a paper, "The Changing Literary Taste and the Growing Appeal of Poetry," took due note of the present poetic revival, but seemed to give rather undue praise to its, as yet, somewhat juiceless fruits. In her scant sympathy for *vers libre*, however, Miss Massee resumed the note of conservatism, a note but once broken during the meeting, and then by Dr. George F. Bowerman, who, while agreeing that the library should maintain an impartially hospitable attitude towards literature on questions of the day, yet was so far affected by the *Zeitgeist*, and so impressed by the international nature of the peace movement, as to urge the library's unqualified efforts and advocacy in its behalf.

Dr. Chalmers Hadley, of the Denver Public Library, presented some interesting opinions on certain recent departures in the architecture of libraries, together with some practical considerations arising from data of cost. Mr. William Warner Bishop, superintendent of the reading-room at the Library of Congress, contributed a thoughtful paper on "The Theory of Reference Work."

In electing Miss Mary W. Plummer president, the Association for the second time has chosen a woman for this post. The other officers named are: Vice-presidents, Walter L. Brown, Chalmers Hadley; secretary, George B. Utley; members of executive board, M. S. Dudgeon and Samuel H. Ranck.

Drama

Israel Zangwill's latest play, "Plaster Saints" (Macmillan; $1.25 net), is eminently characteristic of him as a dramatist. Great and manifold as are his abilities as a writer for the theatre, he will never achieve permanent distinction in this direction until he has learned that the invention of special and extravagant instances to demonstrate the truth of a particular and favorite thesis is not apt to result in dramatic verity and cogency. Many of his social theories are aired in this work, but it chiefly attempts, apparently, to show that religious profession is not necessarily proof of personal integrity or purity; that religious rhapsodists may be very narrow and bitter; that a solitary lapse from virtue need not indicate total depravity, and that old-fashioned plutocrats are often impatient of modern liberal ideas. Each of these propositions is perfectly sound, not to say trite. The suggestion, elaborately supported by Biblical references, that the experienced sinner is all the better qualified for the life of an evangelical saint is, perhaps, more disputatious. These points and others Mr. Zangwill discusses, illustrates, and settles—to his own satisfaction—in the course of what he designates "a high comedy in three movements," which is supposed to occupy only two or three hours, and has only one scene. Actually, it is domestic, social, romantic, and sentimental melodrama, with intervals of exegesis. As a feat of intricate, compact, and intelligible construction, it is extraordinarily ingenious, and, of course, it is cleverly writ-

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ten. The nine personages in it—each of whom is a flagrant example of some sort or other, opportunely related by marvellous coincidence—are dovetailed into the scheme of the plot with amazing dexterity, but with only too obvious and incredible purpose. Individually, most of the characters are depicted with skilful and lifelike touch, although their collection into one group, and their exact coordination in the presented action, are improbable and artificial to the last degree. They are puppets, moved, not by dramatic impulse, but by wires in the hands of their manipulator.

This being the case, it is not necessary to enter into the details of the story. The nature of it may be hinted at in a sentence or two. A highly respected and popular clergyman, a flaming light in his denomination, and revered by his sincerely pious wife as an exemplar of all the apostolic virtues—Mr. Zangwill uses all his colors recklessly—has seduced his secretary, and disposed of her privily. The girl is stanch and will not betray him, but the birth of her child comes to the professional knowledge of a young doctor, in love with the parson's daughter. He tells his father, the plutocratic pharisee of the tale, and thus originates a scandal, which threatens to wreck the happiness of two sets of lovers, and rouses the fierce indignation of the parson's wife, who believes the girl maligned. She begins investigations, which lead her to suspect her husband, and the scenes in which she cross-questions, entangles, and finally convicts him —forcing him to confess after multitudinous lying—are exceedingly effective theatrically, and models of dialectical skill. She instantly decides to divorce him, that he may marry his victim, meanwhile denouncing him as a hypocrite, utterly unfit for the ministry. It is then that he maintains that his conviction of human fallibility, with its attendant remorse, has made him a wiser and more potential evangelist than he ever was before. Here the deadlock between literal pietism and religio-emotional sophistry is seemingly absolute, and inevitable tragedy is the logical inference. But Mr. Zangwill finds a way out of the dilemma. He announces that the betrayed secretary has found a husband, and straightway, after general dislocation and much varied emotional agony, everybody is satisfied and universal happiness reigns. The parson, it should be said, declares that hereafter he will never lay claim to exceptional holiness, and protests against the claims of a professional priesthood, but the inference is that he will not refuse the preferment awaiting him. In fashioning this happy ending Mr. Zangwill must have written with his tongue in his cheek. Mechanically, it is most adroit, but it sets human nature and common-sense at defiance, and completely frustrates the philosophic intent of the play by its shallowness and insincerity.

In his "Forty Years on the Stage" (Dutton; $3.50 net), Mr. J. H. Barnes gives a pleasant, gossiping record of his professional career, during which he was associated with many of the best known players upon both sides of the Atlantic. As an historian he has nothing new to tell, and his critical comments would be more valuable if they exhibited a truer sense of proportion. He distributes his complimentary bouquets with lavish impartiality. Nor is he unmindful of his own merits and rewards, both of which were considerable. His pages are liberally supplied with good anecdotes, theatrical and personal, but the vast majority of these are exceedingly old. He deserves credit, however, on the score of judicious selection. The fruits of his experience are shown to most advantage in his general reflections upon past and present stage conditions and the art of acting, which are uncommonly sound. He realizes fully the value of the old stock company as a school for actors, and the close connection between its disappearance and the decadence of modern histrionism. Of the poetic, romantic, and literary drama he is a sturdy champion, and on this subject he speaks with knowledge and authority. It is interesting to find him declaring his deliberate conviction that Samuel Phelps was incomparably the greatest actor he had ever seen. Older critics, with superior opportunities for observation and comparison, have rendered a similar verdict, for which there is the amplest justification. Macready, Edmund Kean, and Edwin Booth may have excelled him in one or two characters, but none of them could approach him in range, or in the number of widely contrasted parts in which he was paramount. Mr. Barnes also does well in recalling the extraordinary capacities, as orator, interpreter, and elocutionist, of the once notorious Rev. J. M. H. Bellew, father of Kyrle Bellew, and the model for Thackeray's Charles Honeyman. As a reader, whether in church or hall, he was unrivalled. He was equally felicitous in humorous, emotional, or purely poetic passages. His voice was strong, flexible, and exquisitely melodious, his gesture superb, and his physical endowments, from the waist up, of the rarest kind. But his legs were bandy, and it was commonly said that it was only his consciousness of this defect that kept him from the stage. He looked his best in a surplice. His real name, by the way, was Higgins, but he assumed his wife's when he married a Miss Bellew. It is a pity that Mr. Barnes did not seek the aid of an expert editor, for he has printed much that is immaterial, and omitted much that might have been pertinent and interesting, simply for lack of a proper sense of perspective. His photographic gallery is a good one.

Samuel A. Eliot, jr., has written an English version of the "Erdgeist" of Frank Wedekind (Albert & Charles Boni). It is not easy to conceive of any satisfactory reason why such a task should have been undertaken. Mankind, certainly, cannot be benefited by any increase in the circulation of a work so futile and abominable. Fortunately, this miscalled translation is not likely to attract many readers, for it is so crudely done that it emphasizes the vulgarity and melodramatic violence of the original, while effectively concealing any possible literary or other virtues of which the original may be possessed. Wedekind himself might justly complain of the treatment to which he has been subjected, for it is inconceivable that he could have secured any respectful critical consideration, even from the most ardent advocates of realism, by stuff so trite in idea and clumsy in expression. The play itself, in spite of the symbolical and philosophic intent hinted at in the prologue—fearfully mangled by the translator —contains no vestige of a new idea, but is simply a shameless appeal to the most degraded taste. Writers of all kinds, sacred and profane, have dealt with the evils wrought by the lust of the flesh from time immemorial. Wedekind's heroine, Lulu, is supposed to be the embodiment of it in its most provocative and inestimable form, and she brings ruin and death to every man with whom she comes in contact. It can always be asserted of a tale of this kind that it enforces a healthful moral and holds a measure of philosophic truth, but to claim merit on this score for illustrations which are grotesquely untrue to nature, repulsive to common-sense, and obviously salacious in intent, is to insult intelligence. The coarse and manifest extravagance of "Erdgeist," with its sodden reek of depraved animalism, puts it without the pale of art or literature.

Art

THE INTERNATIONAL AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

LONDON, May 25.

The International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers seems to have been doing its best of late years to throw off the obligations of its name. Steadily it has been growing more and more national. But, curiously enough, the unexpected fortunes of war have given it this spring an air of internationalism which it has not worn for a long time. The reason, I need hardly say, is the number of Belgian artists now in England, together with the desire, despite the friction the last months have inevitably brought, to welcome the Belgians in every quarter where London can open its doors to them.

The work of Belgians in various mediums is scattered throughout the Grosvenor Gallery, in which the exhibition is held, and one room has been wholly set apart for it. Where so much amiability is shown, perhaps fault should not be found. But it is impossible not to regret that this room should be the smallest, when the size of most of the paintings hung on its walls demands that it should be the largest. They are the sort of paintings that, for a right impression, should be seen from a reasonable distance. Van Ryssel-berghe dominates the collection, because of both the large scale upon which he paints and the number of canvases he has managed to send, and he is one of the modern painters whose methods call most peremptorily for this distance to be observed.

One wall is almost entirely covered by his huge L'heure du Bain, an arrangement of nudes in a landscape, obviously painted for the express purpose of being exhibited in one of the large galleries of Brussels or Paris, Ghent or Venice, or other Continental town, where the painter of small canvases runs the risk of not being seen at all. I can remember his work at Brussels, where I could get so far away from it that his technique was lost in the effect he meant to give, and where, however little I might be in sympathy with the technique, I could respect the truth of the effect and the force with which it was rendered. But in the small room at the International there is no getting far enough away, and the huge composition goes

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all to pieces. It is impossible to see in their right relations the space of blue which is the water, the passage of green in the overhanging trees, and the flesh tints in the groups of bathers—impossible to judge adequately the quality of the light for the sake of which probably the well-worn theme was chosen. It is clear that the painter was preoccupied above all with the play of sunshine and shadow on the nude figures of the women as they loiter, large and life-size, in the immediate foreground, and are seen afar in the middle distance, wandering to and from the bath. But there is no light on their firmly modelled bodies, the flesh tints are merely dirty and murky from the shadows of the green above, the women look like models posed not out-of-doors, but in the light from the studio window. And yet, I fancy the same canvas appropriately hung in one of the spacious galleries of the Salon would seem brilliant with sunshine. And so it is with his portraits. They are smaller, but the technique is still the same, and they also call for space.

Baertsoen suffers no less. He has two fairly large canvases. One shows a canal at night in some little Belgian town, presumably Ghent, the lights in the near houses and the street sending deep reflections into the dim, still waters where boats lie at rest; in the other, the canal, this time certainly at Ghent, is seen on a windless day when the tranquil reflections have almost the substance of the houses on the banks. Both are wonderfully observed and mastered, the difference between the lights and the houses and their reflections, slight as it is, very subtly expressed. But they cannot be seen as the painter meant them to be seen, and to make matters worse, sculptures and a case of medals are placed almost directly in front. The one Belgian who comes out of the ordeal with something like success is Donnay, and this is because his canvases are small and keep their place on the walls, especially a little Snow Scene, in a wide village street, bare and empty, but with the beauty of the truth with which the effect of snow, so difficult to obtain in paint, is rendered.

The sculptors are in as serious a predicament. I have before now pointed out the absurdity of a society that allots to sculptors the prominent place in its title, establishing itself in a gallery where no provision is made for the exhibition of sculpture. The result is that, as a rule, only a few bronzes and marbles decorate the rooms here and there. But this year very large bronzes by D'Haveloose and Wouters have been included, though they are as out of scale in the Grosvenor Gallery as are the paintings of Van Rysselberghe and Baertsoen in its smallest room. Both statues are interesting, even if out of proportion with their surroundings. There is life, movement, energy in the Danseuse of D'Haveloose, as in the Vierge Folle of Wouters. After the anæmic, characterless, slick sculptures of the Academy they seem almost the work of genius, so alive are they and so vigorous is the handling. And yet both have more than the defects of their qualities. To suggest the movements, the acrobatic poses of his dancer, D'Haveloose has exaggerated the contortions of her limbs and the sway of her draperies, he has laid such undue emphasis on her coarse, graceless hands and feet that the impression produced is one not of grace, but of distortion, of awkwardness. Wouters seeks so scrupulously the gestures and abandon of madness, or mænadism, that his nude is but a grotesque, twisted and deformed beyond all the legitimate license of the sculptor. Far more satisfactory are the smaller bronzes by D'Haveloose, his Prémices, and again a Danseuse, full of grace as well as vitality, and the busts by Rousseau, which are not empty masques, like the Academic rows of politely chiselled marbles, but are wonderfully true to life in the rendering of the character of the bony construction of the head, the expression in every feature, the very growth of hair and beard. You do not need the names of the sitters to know that they were real men and women. Both the sculptures and the paintings of the Belgians at the International have struck many visitors and critics as coarse, disquieting, loose in handling, but this is simply because, in comparison with most of the other work, they display such an excess of vigor that they seem a reproach, a protest against the tame, feeble, hesitating methods and conventional outlook of men about whom and their Society the tradition of revolt and independence still lingers.

The contrast between the Belgians and the British members of the International is the more marked because several of these members, who are usually most prominent among the exhibitors, this year are not represented. There is nothing by Orpen, Connard, Philpot, C. H. Shannon, John, Nicholson, Pryde. Nor is there anything by foreign members who live in London, like Simon Bussy and Pennell. Sauter does not appear, the doors being closed against the alien enemy. No doubt it has been impossible to bring over any work from France. To turn from Van Rysselberghe's nudes, though they are not above criticism, to Strang's Captive—a woman outstretched upon a couch and two men, borrowed, apparently, from the painter's many memories of old masters, hovering in the background—is to see in the British nude but a lay figure, nerveless, lifeless, unfortunate in pose, wooden in modelling. Even the small Crucifixion, by Donnay, a suggestion rather than a picture, but poignant in the treatment of Christ upon the Cross and the vague, grief-laden figures below, makes one feel the more the labored composition, the manufactured emotion of the Descent from the Cross by Charles Ricketts. Here, the artist has not the art to conceal the artifice by which the lines of the figures of the landscape, of the very clouds, are all carefully arranged to produce the physical impression of a descent; he does not bring a strong enough inspiration of his own to forget himself or to let anybody else forget his studious research among earlier masterpieces for a drapery, for a pose. The group of sorrowing men and women about the cross seems only an echo of other groups gathered about records of the same tragedy—one prostrate figure in the foreground looks as if it might have come directly out of Blake. But in England the artist who cannot help showing his dependence, not upon himself, but upon the old masters, is honored as learned and scholarly. The old masters did this sort of thing so well that it seems useless for the painter of to-day to attempt to emulate them, especially when he approaches the theme in the imitative spirit of the student of the past, and without a spark of the emotion it awoke in artists to whom it was as real as the life they knew.

It is for this reason that I find far more genuine research and feeling in a painting like Laura Knight's Le Pavillon d'Armide, an impression of the Russian Ballet. In this case, the painter is absorbed in a subject that she has seen, that she has evidently enjoyed with the painter's emotion, and that she has endeavored, with the painter's interest, to put down on her canvas. I cannot say that she has altogether succeeded. It is astonishing how few are the painters who, striving to paint dancers and the ballet, have been able to record the grace of the graceful dancers or the rich color of one of the richest pageants that remain in these dull, colorless days. Her stage is empty, her dancers are puppets, her stage light is but yellow paint. However, her picture is at least an honest endeavor to express something essentially of to-day, rather than to build up an elaborate composition out of the life and the chronicles of the past. I am not sure whether it is her own interest, or the influence of a recent tendency expressed most forcibly in American art, that has sent her to the study of Clay-Works, of which she shows two water-colors. More and more in current exhibitions artists, however inspired, show that they are beginning to see the beauty and dignity of work, of the great industrialism characteristic of our own times. No very fine result of this new vision distinguishes the present collection, though I might note a Débardeur by George Minne, who is obviously a student or follower of Constantin Meunier, and A Sussex Stone Quarry by Oliver Hall, though his preoccupation has been with the surrounding landscape rather than with the quarry itself.

Of war, the most modern subject of all as it is the most ancient, there are here and there occasional reminders, even if it does not appear as conspicuously as at the Academy. Most notable is a series of lithographs by Spencer Pryse, who, during the first months of the war, was in active service, as dispatch-bearer, I believe, in France and Flanders. The prints, eleven in number, give impressions of the flight from Ostend, the last days in Antwerp, the fugitives in Soissons, the fall of Ostend, the retreat on Ypres, and other equally poignant events and moments during the autumn months. The medium lends itself marvellously well to just this sort of record, the eloquent blacks and whites of the stone expressing the som-

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bre tragedy better than the palette of the painter ever has, or could, except in the hands of the supreme master. But the lithographs do not altogether tell as they should. At times there is a fine effect, as in Indians and Motor-buses near Poperinghe, where the silhouettes of the Indian cavalryman in his turban and of the motor-bus in the distance, on the long line of the march, have a stirring dramatic quality as one sees them vivid against the sky, their artistic value none the less because of the artist's journalistic appreciation of the bizarre, the grotesque almost, in this coming together of the soldier from the Far East and the big familiar bus from London bent upon the same mission, as they advance along the Flemish highway. Here and there in the other prints the tragedy of flight is expressed in the gaunt and bent figures. But looked at as a whole, the series makes one wonder if the artist was not too near his subject, too moved at the moment by its human side to wrest from it its full artistic possibilities.

There are lithographs by other members of the Senefelder Club—Wehrschmidt, John Copley, Ethel Gabain—and also by Baertsoen, who uses the method for the first time in his rendering of Waterloo and Charing Cross Bridges as he has seen them, this tragic year, in the wet and grayness of the London winter. There are also a few drawings and water-colors of interest. But it is scarcely surprising if the Exhibition, despite the exceptions, is below the mediocre level the Society has seldom risen above of recent years. Art does not flourish in the atmosphere of war; some of the usual exhibitors are at the front, some are serving in the Red Cross or the Special Constabulary, and have not time even to remember that they are artists. N. N.

Finance

ENGLAND AND ITS HOLDINGS OF OUR SECURITIES.

Eight or nine months ago, the American financial community was awaiting, with deep apprehension, the time when our stock exchanges should reopen and Europe should throw back upon the New York market its enormous holdings of American securities. The prospect seemed to be that prices would be utterly demoralized in the process; that bankers who had pledged our stocks and bonds, at the old valuations, as security for enormous loans, would be hard pressed to redeem them, and that our gold reserves would move out in quantity to Europe.

In December the New York Stock Exchange reopened, though with "minimum prices" arbitrarily announced, below which no sales would be allowed. After some weeks of timid hesitation, prices actually began to rise. In March, all "minimum restrictions" were removed. In April, an excited "bull movement" broke out on the Stock Exchange. Two months later, as a result of the steady flow of gold from other countries to the United States, it was possible to say that nearly all of the Bank of England's $102,000,000 auxiliary gold reserve in Canada had been sent to the United States.

Instead, moreover, of the predicted return of Europe's holdings of American stocks and bonds, in enormous quantity, its sales on the New York market, after a short spell of activity, slackened progressively, and at last ceased almost altogether. From an economic point of view, there was every inducement for England in particular to sell back those securities, and thereby balance the abnormal movement of international exchange against the London market. Yet the holders would not sell. In London there was vague talk even of applying some sort of compulsion to the English holders. It was apparently without effect. What is the explanation of this wholly unexpected result?

It is certainly not that England's actual holdings of American stocks and bonds have been exhausted. How large they actually are, is no doubt debatable. Six years ago two London estimates, approved by the London *Economist*, fixed England's total investment of capital in the outside world, not including continental Europe, at something like $13,750,000,000. Of this huge total, one of the estimates debited $2,000,000,000 to the United States, the other $2,425,000,000. But by no means all of this is represented in negotiable securities, and since 1909, moreover, England has repeatedly been an extremely heavy seller of her American investments. In 1911, the "Morocco year"; in 1912 and 1913, years of the "Balkan War scare," this liquidation was enormous. In July of last year, the sales from England were quite beyond all precedent, and it is reasonably certain that at least $200,000,000 has been sold since our Stock Exchange reopened in December. Still, a reduction of the above two estimates by one-half would leave $1,000,000,000 to $1,200,000,000 of securities in the English investor's hands.

Why does he not sell them? Sale of a fraction of such total holdings would serve to "regulate" sterling at New York. The answer to the question undoubtedly is that the English investor—under existing conditions—does not wish to sell them. Looking at the matter from the investor's personal point of view, one may ask, why should he do so? He must have bought them originally because he believed in them. To-day the argument for retaining them is very much increased.

As securities of the most powerful neutral country, they are in any case an anchor to windward, from the English investor's point of view, in the European storm. As securities of the country which has become the central money market of the world, there is at least fair prospect for their soundness. And if he sells them, he can reinvest the proceeds only in ordinary home securities, which are possibly held at artificial prices by the Stock Exchange "minimums," or else in the new British war bonds, which, with the enormous impending issues, are not unlikely to sell at considerably lower prices before they sell at higher.

These motives must apply powerfully to the private investor's mind. There would remain the very large amounts of American securities, held by England's banking institutions and her so-called "investment trusts." But with them, a very specific question would arise, as to whether the sale of its sound American investments would be wise or prudent policy for an institution of the sort. How far would the legitimate purposes of a deposit institution be subserved by realizing on all its good American investments, and putting the proceeds into war loans, with their uncertain future value, when more than the normal proportion of the securities last named were held already in its assets?

One may ask, What is likely to be the upshot of such a situation? Three possible contingencies may be imagined, in which the average English investor in "Americans" might change his mind. Very high money rates at home might tempt him to draw in his capital from abroad. A rise in prices of American securities to an exceedingly high level might make him more inclined to realize his profits. Very low prices on the English market might induce him to shift his investment funds to that market. None of these contingencies is in sight as yet, even with the British Government now offering 4½ per cent. on its new $1,250,000,000 war loan. But they may come later.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Kingsley, C. Hypatia. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.
Mears, M. The Jealous Goddess. Lane. $1.25 net.
More, A. A Vision of Empire. Boston: Badger. $1.35 net.
Tremayne, S. The Auction Mart. Lane. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Abbott, E. H. The Indiscreet Letter. Century. 50 cents net.
Ambrogi, A. El Libro del Tropico. Privately printed.
Barton, G. A. Sumerian Business and Administrative Documents from the Earliest Times to the Dynasty of Agade. Vol. IX. No. 1. Philadelphia: The University Museum.
How it Feels to be the Husband of a Suffragette. Anonymous. Doran. 50 cents net.
Ives, E. G. The Evolution of a Teacher. The Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Mackenzie, A. S. The Evolution of Literature. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Selincourt, E. de. English Poets and the National Ideal. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Gobb, W. H. The Meaning of Christian Unity. Crowell. $1.25 net.
Gratacap, L. P. The World's Prayer. T. Benton. $1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Collection of the Nebraska State Historical Society. Edited by A. Watkins. Vol. XVII. Lincoln, Neb.: The Nebraska State Historical Society.

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Goebel, J. Jahrbuch der Deutsch-Amerikanischen Historischen Gesellschaft von Illinois. Vol. XIV. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
Report of the Efficiency and Economy Committee. State of Illinois.
Watarai, T. Nationalization of Railways in Japan. Vol. LXIII, No. 2. (Columbia University.) Longmans, Green.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Atteridge, A. H. The Second Phase of the Great War. Doran. $2 net.
Burdy, S., and Moore, N. The Life of Philip Skelton. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.
Graves, A. K. The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns. McBride, Nast. $1.50 net.
Huiginn, E. J. V. The Graves of Myles Standish and Other Pilgrims. Revised and enlarged. Privately printed.
Mackintosh, A. Joseph Chamberlain. Revised and enlarged edition. Doran. $3 net.
Parker, Sir G. The World in the Crucible. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Petre, M. D. Reflections of a Non-Combatant. Longmans, Green. 75 cents net.
Seal and Flag of the City of New York. 1665-1915. Edited by J. B. Pine. Putnam. $1 net.
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Veblen, T. Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Vinogradoff, P. The Russian Problem. Doran. 75 cents net.
Vivian, E. C., and Williams, J. E. H. The Way of the Red Cross. Doran. $1 net.
Wood, E. F. The Note-Book of an Attaché. Century. $1.60 net.

POETRY.

Ethne. Poems. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd.
McGreevy, A. L. The God of Battles. Boston: Sherman French. $1 net.
Miller, A. D. Are Women People? Doran. 60 cents net.

SCIENCE.

Chamberlain, C. J. Methods in Plant Histology. Third revised edition. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $2.25 net.
McClure, A. Making Floors. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net.
McLeod, S. J. The Housekeeper's Handbook of Cleaning. Harper. $1 net.
Rosenblum, A. Complete Course in Isaac Pitman Phonography. Crowell.
Savage, W. G. Rural Housing. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.
Test Methods for Steam Power Plants. Anonymous. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Andreyev, L. The Sorrows of Belgium. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Arkwright, G. E. P. Catalogue of Music in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford. Part I. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.
Six Elizabethan Plays. (The World Classics.) Pocket Edition. Oxford University Press.

ART.

Bryant, L. M. What Pictures to See in America. Lane. $2 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

College and the Future. Edited by Richard Rice, jr. Scribner.
Gould, F. J. Life and Manners. Macmillan. 80 cents net.
Robbins, E. R. Robbins's New Plane Geometry. American Book Co.
Schneider, H. Education for Industrial Workers. World Book Co. 90 cents.
Slaught, H. E., and Lennes, N. J. Elementary Algebra. Allyn & Bacon.
Thompson, F. V. Commercial Education in Public Secondary Schools. (School Efficiency Series.) World Book Co.
Towle, H. F., and Jenks, P. R. Cæsar's Gallic War. Heath.
Turner, N. E. Teaching to Read. American Book Co.
Waters, H. J. Essentials of Agriculture. Boston: Ginn. $1.25 net.
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